

Sarah Willis Whitmore
Manchester
ODES

AND

Miscellanies

BY

ROBERT FARREN CHEETHAM.

Quiescas. Ne faciam, inquis,
Omninò versus? Aio. Peream malè, si non
Optimum erat, verùm nequeo dormire. **HORACE.**

The home-born Muse sleeps (in our Schools) and should be
awakened. **BRITISH CRITIC.**



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1796.

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TO

CHARLES LAWSON, A. M.

HEAD-MASTER OF THE FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

Manchester,

THESE JUVENILE PRODUCTIONS,

(A SMALL BUT SINCERE TESTIMONY

OF GRATITUDE

FOR HIS CARE AND INSTRUCTION DURING THE LAST FOUR YEARS,)

ARE DUTIFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CHARLES LAWSON, A.M.

THE HISTORY OF THE FIRST BRITISH SETTLEMENT IN NEW ENGLAND

IN THE YEAR 1620

BY JOHN R. ALLEN, ESQ.

OF THE BARR

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD, 1825.

25

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Vovemus

Hoc tibi, ne tanto careat mihi nomine charta. TIBULLUS.

SIR,

Br the facility and politeness, with which you permitted me to prefix your name to my Juvenile Essays, you have added another to the many obligations, which I have been happy enough to receive from your hands.

I am little skilled in panegyric, Sir, which in general forms so ample a part of dedications, and, were I ever so expert, I should avoid it on this occasion, for two reasons, 1. because I am very sensible that it would be unpleasant to you, and 2. because all that I could say would be but a faint Echo of the common Voice. Many of the pieces, which form the present volume, have already come before you as school-exercises; not a few have received your approbation: on those therefore, whose decision shall I fear?

Having now completed my nineteenth year, and being on the eve of exchanging my present situation for the muse-wreathed banks of Isis, I felt a strong desire to separate,

*by publication, the efforts of the School-boy from (I hope)
the maturer productions of the Collegian. Such as these
first-fruits are, you have deigned to accept them, and by
that means rendered them more dear to me. It is not my
nature to be elated with applause, but when You, Sir,
when the Tenth Muse, the all-accomplished Seward,
when the British Critic have with one voice "told me I
can write," I should look down upon myself as on something
inferior to a human being, were I not proudly gratified.
With the best sincerest wishes for your health and felicity
I subscribe myself,*

SIR,

Your highly obliged

and devoted pupil,

ROBERT FARREN CHEETHAM.

Manchester School,

Sept. 6, 1796.

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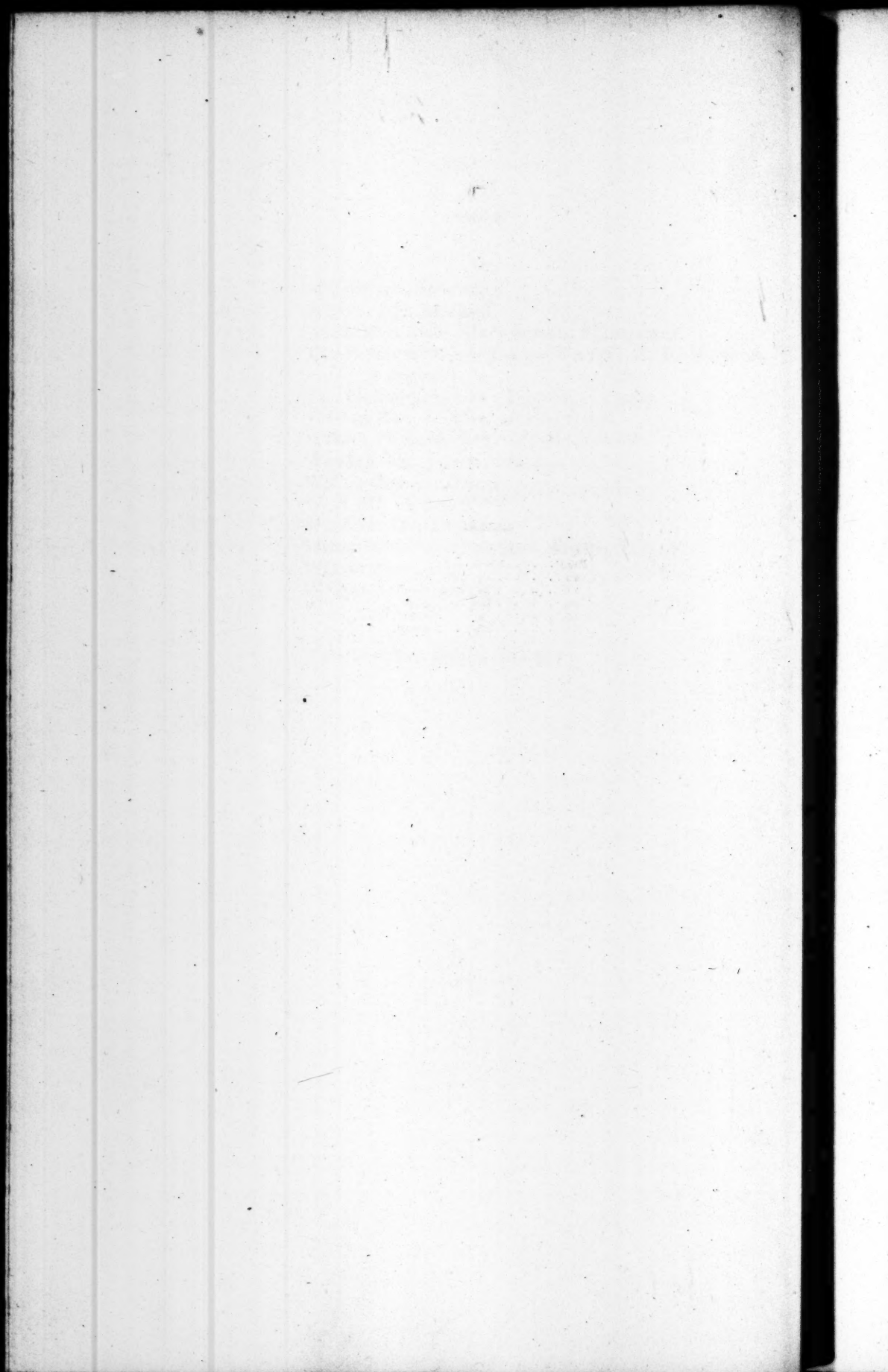
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Yarwood Mr. James, Marple.

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ODES.

TO CONTENT.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa?

HORACE.

Why do we aim, with eager strife,
At things beyond the mark of life?
Creatures, alas! whose boasted pow'r
Is but the blessing of an hour. FRANCIS.

FAR from mortal ken retir'd,
Estrang'd from worldly cares and fears,
With love of learned lore inspir'd,
May I pass my transient years!
And may Content, angelic maid!
In sweet simplicity array'd,

In hat of straw and russet vest,
With dimpled cheek and peaceful breast,
 Fair Virtue's eldest born,
That makes a palace of a cell,
Nor scorns in humble cot to dwell,
Nor grasps at honour's gilded toys,
Nor pines for light fantastic joys,
 My straw-built shed adorn,
Still hover, with her smiling train,
Around my peaceful board, and purest pleasures deign!

Why, foolish man!
Dost thou with vain anxiety extend
Thy busy cares beyond life's little span,
 Which must with dart-like swiftness end?
 Why can thy restless mind
 No peaceful haven find?
What means this sordid lust of gain,
Which drives thee o'er the swelling main?
Each various clime that bids thee know,
Or scorch'd with heat, or chill'd with snow?

Commands to rove from shore to shore,
 Intent some hidden track to' explore?
 Which makes thee turn the ponderous soil,
 And urge the plow with ceaseless toil?
 Is it, pray tell me, to procure
 Stores of luxurious food, that may for aye endure?

Behold the feathered choirs, that sweep the sky,
 How unconcern'd they fly,
 And cleave, with joyful wing, the ambient air;
 "Content and careless of to-morrow's fare."
 They toil not at the irksome plow,
 Nor with unceasing labour sow;
 They do not reap the fruitful plain,
 Nor, anxious, hoard the gather'd grain.
 Is gorgeous raiment then thy care?
 Behold what beauteous vests they wear;
 Not all the pomp of regal state
 Their painted plumes can emulate;
 Yet toil they not, nor ply the loom,
 Nor with extended cares their future days engloom.

See, mortal, see the blooming rose
Unfolding to the morn,
Behold how short a time it blows,
Then droops it's head forlorn!
See yonder flying shaft proceed
Thro' æther's course with winged speed;
Or see the shade appear and fly,
Apt emblems of mortality!
Then cease to stretch thy busy cares
To future days, to future years,
Enjoy the present hour of life,
And banish sorrow, banish strife;
Be sweet Content thy humble friend,
For she can every pleasure lend,
And seek not out for future pain,
Be virtuous, be content, all other cares disdain.



ODE TO PEACE.

HAIL charming, dove-eyed fair,
 Serene, engaging, mild,
 In beauty far beyond compare,
 Heaven's true angelic child.
 Hear, nor scorn the humble lay;
 Hear a suitor's ardent pray'r:
 To thee my daily vows I pay,
 To thee, my love, my joy, my care.

O when shall War, of iron heart,
 Mov'd with thy beauties, lovely maid,
 Sheathe the dire sword, and blunt the dart,
 And heal the wounds his wrath has made?
 How would it glad my ravish'd soul,
 To see him prostrate to thee bend,
 And own thy sweet divine controul,
 And own thee for his mistress and his friend.

O War, how dreadful is thy rage!
To hear the sound of grief to thee is joy;
Nought can thy hated ire assuage,
And all thy cruel task is to destroy.
Thou "grinnest horribly a ghastly smile,"
To hear the widow's voice her husband wail,
To hear the sire, who tears his hair the while,
Mourn o'er his son, now lifeless, wan and pale.

But veil the scene, my aching sight
No more can tolerate the view;
Turn we to visions of delight,
And bid the gloomy fiend adieu!
Peace shall every note inspire,
Peace shall wake the tuneful lyre;
Every joy, that man receives,
Peace, the blue-eyed cherub, gives.

Come, and with thee bring along
Honour, with majestic mien,
The youth, who spurns the villain-throng,

Whose eyes diffuse a radiance sheen.

Britons refuse to bow the knee,
Friend of the friendless, e'en to thee,
If Honour move not by thy side,
Give colour to thy charms, and own thee for his bride.

Haste, with Love, and Sport, and Joy,
Hail Britannia's chalky shore;
Then no more shall feuds annoy,
Discord's voice shall cease to roar.
Then the swain his flocks shall tend,
Nor speak nor hear the sounds of woe;
Nothing (save love) his breast shall rend,
And then the wounded maid shall mutual love bestow.

Plenty then, celestial fair,
Gladsome, with her fruitful horn,
Shall banish Want and fell Despair,
As drives the shades of night the morn.
Want no more, with haggard mien,
Shall lord despotic o'er the land,

No more shall Hunger's bones be seen,
When she imparts her cheering influence bland.

Great God of mercy, kindly bring
The rose-lip'd charmer to our isle,
To thee we'll hymns of gladness sing,
Who giv'st us Peace, to soothe the woes of toil.
And when she visits us again,
So guide our hearts by thine almighty sway,
That we, united, may uphold her reign,
Nor swerve from Virtue's flower-embroider'd way.



TO CHASTITY.

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN.

FAIR Chastity! celestial dame,
 Descended from above,
 Restrainer of our tender flame,
 Dear guardian of our love.

Sweet pattern of those prior years,
 Wherein a golden race,
 Unknown to vice, unknown to fears,
 Did till the earth in peace.

Sweet pattern of that nobler life,
 Which we shall once enjoy,
 When freed from all our mortal strife,
 We' have learn'd what 't is to die:

When spotless soul and members join'd
In mystic glory rise,
And spotless habitations find,
Above the starry skies.

Thou, only thou canst stand unmov'd,
Against the' unerring dart,
Which Cupid, on his whetstone prov'd,
Flings, laughing, at the heart.

Thou with undaunted eye canst see
The ministers of Death,
For Death no terrors has for thee,
He steals but only breath:

And then more noble shalt thou rise,
More glorious from the dust,
And mount with joy the yielding skies,
The goal of all that's just.

Dreadfully low!

The heart-o'erwhelming scene explore,
And view depictur'd there the station of the poor!

More troublous than that troubled sea,
When tost in all the fury of the storm,
Was life, O hapless CHATTERTON, to thee,
Life that assum'd it's most terrific form!

Chill Penury, whose iron sway
A wretched part of human race obey,
Who never lends a listening ear
To Misery's feeble call, nor drops a pitying tear,
To thee appear'd in ten-fold horror dight,
Bade thee each various sorrow know,
And prematurely drain thy cup of woe;
Bade sunk-eyed Hunger on thy vitals prey,
And all his train of miseries display:
Wanton in tortures when the fiend became,
And laid thee bare to insult and to shame,
Thou quaff'dst the poison'd bowl, and spurnedst life
and light.

ON THE NEGLECT OF HUMBLE MERIT.

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi. JUVENAL.

Slow rises Worth, by Poverty deprest. DR. JOHNSON.

WHAT time the sky begins to lour,
And tempest-bearing clouds impend,
When winds conflicting try their pow'r,
And seem as they creation's self wou'd rend;
What time upon the keen blast's wings,
The Spirit of the tempest rides,
In every shatter'd sail-yard sings,
And each resisting mast divides:
When hoary waves tumultuous roll,
Inspiring horror in each soul,
Now seeming o'er the clouds to rise,
Denouncing war against the skies,
Now sinking, with more dangerous flow,

Ah! why, rash Youth, so madly throw
Thyself on thy offended God?

Why fly from great to greater woe,
And court with phrenzy an eternal rod?

Thou hadst, alas! no guardian hand to steer
Thy little bark along the sea of life;
No skilful pilot for thine aid was near,
To guard thee from the rocks of care and strife!

But for a little while
Didst thou thyself endure the toil,
Untaught the proper course to find,
Nor tacking to the tide nor wind,
But boldly striving thro' the boisterous main
An unimpeded passage to obtain,
High on the foamy surge thy bark was tost,
Then dash'd with fury down, ill-fated Youth, and lost!

Old HOMER too, (the Grecian pride,
And wonder of this world below,
Who e'en Apollo's self outvied,
In painting to the sight the Trojan woe;

Who nobly snatch'd from total death,
 (Tho' they resign'd their vital breath),
 The stern Pelides, and the' Atrean race,
 And every warlike chief, that work'd a deed
 Worthy of the glorious meed
 Of fame eternal, and unfading praise;
 By whom the beauteous Helen lives,
 From whom a thousand charms receives,
 Which echo to the voice of Fame,
 Who else would have forgot the fatal name,)
 His life in penury obscurely led,
 And sang his rhapsodies to gain his bread!

What tho' they both divinely sung,
 And charm'd the listening ear,
 With verses such as gods might deign to hear,
 What though mellifluous sounds distill'd from either
 tongue;
 Though Phœbus lent to both his lyre,
 And all the tuneful sister-choir
 Their noblest gifts bestow'd,

Yet could not even they award
 The shafts, which Poverty prepar'd,
 But saw them sink beneath the galling load.
 Nor when in life alone, ye hapless pair,
 Did ye sharp taunts, and biting insults bear;
 E'en after death, Detraction's gloomy joy
 Essay'd your living glory to destroy,
 And madly to despoil each deathless name,
 Of it's just honours, and aye-blooming fame.

O ye, the favour'd sons of Britain's isle,
 Whose days are smooth as yon unruffled stream,
 On whom dame Fortune casts her sweetest smile,
 Whose hours with unimpeded pleasure teem:
 Seek out for "worth by poverty deprest,"
 And kindly aid it by your fostering care,
 Nor longer let it lie unknown, unblest,
 But rise, and all its genuine splendour bear.

Thus shall your never-dying name
 Enroll'd in all the lists of Fame,
 To late posterity descend;

Sooner shall cease to sing the Virgin-choir,
Sooner Apollo cease to strike the lyre,
Than the loud voice of Fame forget the Muses' friend
Britannia too will thank your tender care,
And you her only sons of genuine birth declare.



TO HAPPINESS.

Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum. HOR.

Not to admire is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so;
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flow'rs of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.) POPE.

O Happiness! fair daughter of the skies,
Thou peaceful calmer of the human breast,
From whose great store unbounded blessings rise,
Which soothe the soul to undisturbed rest:

Offspring of Jove! direct my devious feet
Along the cheerful, flower-enamel'd way,
Which leads unerring to thy blissful seat;
Nor e'er permit my wandering steps to stray.

Where shall I seek thee, sphere-descended maid!
Does some more favour'd clime thy presence boast,

And art thou roving now appall'd, dismay'd,
A hapless exile on a foreign coast?

Or shall I rather seek thee in a court,
Amid the purple splendours of a throne?
Ah! no: for there to torture thee 't is sport,
And musical to hear thee deeply groan!

Art thou conceal'd in heaps of golden ore?
Can they thy cheering influence impart
To him, whose coffers hold a plenteous store,
And drive each carking sorrow from his heart?

Ah, no! the rich no pure enjoyment prove,
Riches are only harbingers of pain;
The wretched miser, buried in their love,
Sighs o'er his heaps, and counts "and sighs again."

The prodigal, with huge abundance blest,
In folly lavishes his wealthy store,
In feasts luxurious dissipates his rest,
And dies forlorn and miserably poor!

Does ardent Cupid then engage thy smiles,
 With him dost thou take up thy peaceful home?
 No, no! thou liv'st a stranger to his wiles.
 Where then, O where, Celestial, dost thou roam?

Scarce had I spoke, when to my wondering sight
 The heaven-born maid in brightest radiance glow'd,
 Around her steps diffusing beamy light,
 She thus bespoke me with an awful nod:

‘Nor in a court, nor on a splendid throne,
 Nor amid copious heaps of golden ore,
 Nor in luxurious revels am I known,
 Nor yet, O youth! where Cupid boasts his pow'r.

If to my seat the path-way you would learn,
 Turn, turn your course to where yon summits rise,
 And first to Virtue's fane the road discern,
 Virtue, my sister-offspring of the skies.’

ODE.

Know thyself!

BEHOLD yon flower-bespangled vale,
Where choicest fruits in gay luxuriance glow,
Impervious to the boisterous gale,
Unscorch'd with heat, unchill'd with snow.
Behold yon great and sumptuous dome,
Where music's gayest notes resound,
Where stores of sweetest flowerets bloom,
And scatter fragrance all around.

Whate'er has power to catch the eye,
Or lure the joy-pursuing breast,
It's wretched habitants enjoy,
With every rankling pleasure blest.
Thither all the gay licentious crew resort,
There baneful Pleasure holds her gaudy court.
Unnerv'd by her destructive clan,
How mean, how poor a thing is man!
How many passions rack his breast,

Bereft of all untainted rest!

Now enwrap in joy he proves

All the sweets of lawless loves,

But soon to foul disease a prey,

His senses fail, his limbs decay.

Fell Luxury's unbounded reign

Ten thousand thousand slaves can shew!

What then the glorious meed they gain?

Diseased draughts of care and woe.

Ambition next, in haughty state,

See myriads on his nod await,

Unruly, insolent, and vain,

He proudly spurns his rightful chain;

Tramples indignant on the laws,

And courts, by hell-born deeds, applause;

Then mounts his car of fire,

And with his subject herd ascends

Above the purple monarch's throne,

Till high in air with clouds he blends,

Then dizzy with the course is overthrown,

And, falling on the earth, lies, fractur'd, to expire!

There see what vain mistaken man
Real Pleasure falsely deems;
For every member of that hell-born clan,
And every joy they give with heart-fed sorrow teems.

Turn next to yonder lofty fane,
Where simple elegance is seen,
There Virtue holds her placid reign,
Virtue, pure unsullied queen!
There all the Great, the Good, the Wise,
Unruffled live, amidst untainted joys.
Happy the man, unaw'd by fear of toil,
That dares attempt the precipice to scale,
Amid the rugged tracks intrepid smile,
And boldly stand against the blustering gale.
Far, far most perilous the road
Which leads by Pleasure's gay abode,
With pains you difficultly pass
The pavement, wrought of slippery glass;
Thousands along the fatal passage slide,
For one that safely gains the farther side.

Why does that starting tear impearl thine eye?

Why does thy bosom heave that rending sigh?

Haply too great the toil appears:

But listen, with attentive care,

To what the Muse shall next declare,

And banish from thy breast those groundless fears.

First then thy meditative eyes

To thine own bosom turn,

See there if impious thoughts arise,

Or lawless passions burn;

Drive Ambition from thy breast,

Canker-worm of human rest;

All unchaste embraces fly,

Baneful pleasure, rankling joy;

Scorn to do thy neighbour harm,

Or in hurtful words or deeds

Wantonly his peace alarm,

While his heart with sorrow bleeds;

Be the wandering child of woe

By thy bounty kindly fed,

Pleasure let the wretched know
 Underneath thy smiling shed:
 If at thy feet a helpless orphan bend,
 Or wailing widows at thy gate appear,
 Prove thou a Husband, Father, and a Friend,
 And wipe off Misery's unaffected tear.
 Unchain'd by vice thy soul must soar
 All mundane things above,
 And with pleasure,
 Passing measure,
 Must invariably adore
 The great pacific Lamb, the miracle of love.
 Then fearless trust thy bark to sea,
 Nor dread the black and threatening storms,
 From Æther soon the wrath shall flee,
 Which now his ireful face deforms.
 Know but thyself, all knowledge centres there;
 That wisdom gain'd, in safety thou shalt steer.

ON THE INADMIRATION OF THE
GRANDEST OBJECTS BECAUSE DAILY BEFORE
OUR EYES.

Non magni pendis, quia contigit.

Things daily seen attract not our surprise.

Lo! the modest Spring appears
Grac'd with rosy-tinctur'd veil,
Mute creation's languor cheers;
Bids nature half display, and half conceal;
Next, Summer, daughter of the king of day,
With measur'd pace succeeds,
Matures the product of the meads,
And spreads her gaudy trim luxuriantly gay;
Then, in the circling course is seen,
Leaning upon her omnifarious horn,
Bright Summer's eldest born,
In native charms engagingly serene;

Winter last, with haggard form,
Riding on the dreadful storm,
Shuts nature's womb, and gives the mother rest,
With throes of various births enfeebled and opprest:

And, foolish man!
Canst thou behold the wonderous circle turn,
And wonder not, nor with amazement burn,
Because it is a known, unerring plan?

Ay, more;
Unmov'd thou canst explore
The world's stupendous and eternal frame,
Which at the sovereign word from nought arose,
Fell into order, beauteous strait became,
And aye the greatness of it's Author shows:
The golden regent of the smiling day
Drives from the east his light-diffusing car;
The lamp of night steals smoothly on her way,
Attended nobly by the frequent star;
Yet not these fires, nor that stupendous whole,
Can rouse to life the torpor of thy soul.

O from thy lethargy arise,
 And know to value what is truly great;
 Reap wisdom from the children of the skies,
 And learn to worship from the lambs that bleat.
 Soon as Aurora mounts her purple car
 The painted warblers hail the joyful sight,
 The beasts responsive spread their lowings far,
 "Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."
 Man, man alone, ungrateful to his God,
 Forgets with morn his early laud to pay;
 Alone the' eternal order can survey
 Unmov'd by wonder and by fear unaw'd.
 The grand vicissitudes of day and night
 To us, as being usual, trifling seem;
 But were it rare, how wonderful the sight,
 Of rising morn to view the fluid stream!

Cease then so ardently to woo
 Camelion-like Variety,
 Dame Nature's fairer form pursue,
 And she'll a kinder mistress be:

Ken her with philosophic eye,
Each hour a new-born charm displays,
Near her is Wisdom, seated high,
And wonder is in all her ways;
She too will show your groveling mind
A more exalted joy to find,
And teach your heaven-born soul to soar
Beyond the scanty bounds of earth and time,
Where sits, enthron'd in sovereign pow'r,
The Majesty of Heaven sublime.



ODE.

Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque, quæ possit facere et servare beatum. HORACE.

Whoe'er admires, transgressing reason's plan,
Will find himself engirt with deepest woe;
Him deem the wisest, him the happiest man,
Whose passions rise not high, nor ebb too low.

ANONYMOUS.

AVAUNT! ye traitors to our joys,
Avaunt! nor dare our happiness molest,
Cease to becalm the lively breast,
Inanimation every bliss destroys!
Allow me tortures, grief and woe,
Or drive me to the shades below,
The jewel Life with pleasure I resign,
Nor at cruel fate repine,
But shield me, shield me from a living death,
From life existing but in breath,
Where months and days and months again
Roll on unvaried still by pleasure or by pain.

Hence too, ye traitors to our peace,
Whose phrenzied zeal would plunge in endless woe,
Would teach us every storm to know,
And give unbounded reins to vain caprice.
Not Boreas, fraught with dreadful ire,
Not the red rage of wasteful fire,
Not waves, that burst beyond their destin'd mound,
Spread such desolation round,
As do the fury-passions unrestrain'd,
By neither shame, nor virtue chain'd,
They waste his wealth, the man destroy,
And banish pleasure in pursuit of joy.

Each extreme is big with woe,
Nature wills it should be so;
Troops of dangers still surround
The man, that passes virtue's bound,
Whence only pleasures flow.
Terrific is the raging ocean,
Rous'd by winds to fierce commotion;
Now in lofty volumes swelling,

Threatening war against the skies,
Now sunk low as Pluto's dwelling,
Fraught with dying seamen's cries:
More dreadful still the treacherous serene,
When no kind zephyr fans the stagnant main,
As hatred, under smiling friendship's screen,
Inflicts a sharper pang, a keener pain.
The traitor-calm the' unpassion'd man displays,
The tempest-beaten deep the man, whom passion
 sways.

Of apathy let Stoics boast,
And pride themselves in virtues they destroy,
In pain with mutual ardour vie,
And triumph o'er each generous passion lost.
Let libertines persist to prove
The poison'd sweets of lawless love,
In feasts luxurious riot nights away,
While the tyrant passions sway,
Nor these, nor those the wish'd-for joy secure,
Which both so labour to procure;

The man alone, who steers the golden mean,
Must hope for friendly gales and elements serene!

There are, who view the beams of light,
And all the circling changes of the year,
Untouch'd with awe, unmov'd by fear,
Nor wonder at the starry lamps of night;
Who deem the blue ætherial space
Unworthy admiration's gaze;
Yet mark, what pleasure sparkles from their eyes,
When they view the glittering prize,
Coruscant gems and heaps of splendid gold,
Which Earth's prolific entrails hold;
Or when the many's loud huzzas
Uplift them to the clouds with undeserved praise.

Wretched is that mortal wight,
Whom or fame or gems delight;
Wretched he, that always fears
The pangs, that disappointment bears,
And shame, in tatters dight.

Both are sunk in equal sorrow,
 Both with dread expect the morrow.—
 Yonder see the “blue-eyed Pleasures,”
 Deck’d in wanton garb they come,
 Moving swift in antic measures,
 Luring men to certain doom:

Fly, quickly fly, and shun their lying smile,
 Abjure whate’er the vicious world admires,
 On that ascent employ thy nobler toil,
 And strive to reach, where yonder fane aspires.
 Virtue alone can make and keep us blest,
 She tempers all our joys and soothes our woes to rest.

See yonder winged dart proceed
 Swifter than thought along the’ aerial plain,
 Or view the furrows of the main,
 When scudding vessels o’er the surface speed;
 Ere you behold, they cease to be,
 Apt emblems of mortality!
 Since then we sojourn here so short a time,
 Passing to a better clime,

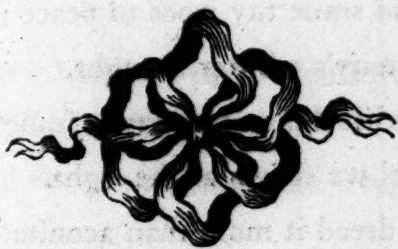
Where living streams of endless pleasure flow,
 Untainted or with care or woe;
 Why waste we thus our transient stay
 In search of wealth, or joys, that with our life decay?

O thou, the future Monarch of our isle,
 Lend, lend thine ears to the benignant Muse,
 Which tearful each rash action views,
 But hails each spark of virtue with a smile.
 Shun all the baneful ways of vice,
 Abjure the murder-causing dice,
 Soar far above the groveling joys of sense,
 Taste the sweets of innocence,
 Now, when thine Albion sinks in deepest woe,
 A pious son's affection show,
 Nor vex her wounds, nor drain her wealth,
 But nobly lend thy care to re-instate her health.

Yet be pleasure still thine aim,
 Pleasure worthy of the name,
 Worthy of a future King,

Such as the bashful Muse may sing,
 Nor feel the blush of shame.
 Life in humble grandeur leading,
 Joy each guiltless joy succeeding;
 Know the pleasures of retiring,
 With thy morn-like blushing bride;
 Nothing fearing, nought desiring,
 Spurn the vicious glare of pride.

Thus shall the nation, thou art born to sway,
 Admire thy virtues and rehearse the deed,
 Thy future subjects joyful shall obey,
 And praise and firm esteem shall be thy meed.
 Thus shall thine honour'd Sire his Son approve,
 Thy failings all forgot, nought shall be known but love.



ON THE FOLLY OF SINKING BENEATH
AFFLICTIONS.

Aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo. OVID.

This comfort from the mighty mischief rose. ADDISON.

WHY, mortal, swells the rising sigh?
Why does that tear impearl thine eye?
What wretchedness disturbs thy rest,
And fills with grief thy woe-worn breast?
All human kind are doom'd to bear
An hated load of anxious care;
Then cease thy fortune to bewail,
Stand firm against the sorrows that assail,
And smile thy woes to peace;
Adversity's a bitter draught,
But with the rarest virtues fraught,
Altho' we sicken at the sight,
And dread it more than aconite,
'Tis wholesome to the frame, and yields unfailing ease

Within the bounds of Albion's chalky shores,
 Albion, which every British heart adores,
 Twice while a hundred circling years
 Their destin'd courses run,
 All nature droop'd with constant fears,
 His warmth forsook the sun:

Wide and more wide the pestilence was spread,
 The howling winds were big with frequent groans,
 The ways were crowded with promiscuous dead,
 And prayers alone were heard and fruitless moans:
 Husbands their wives, their children parents mourn,
 By timeless death from their embraces torn:
 They mourn! and in the pious act expire,
 And each, a breathing corpse, fears next the funeral
 pyre.

Twice in a hundred years such sorrows rose,
 'Till the Almighty Sire
 Remov'd the great intolerable woes
 By desolating fire.
 What time the second Charles possess'd the throne,

Unnumber'd dwellings felt the raging flame,
Happy misfortune! for from that alone
Our glad exemption from those sorrows came.
O cease then, mortal, to bewail,
When bending underneath the weight
Of dire afflictions that assail,
Sent from the hand of kindly-adverse fate:
Submit and hope: or stretch thy reason's eyes,
And view the good effects that may from ill arise.



ON THE PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF SLOTH.

Strenua nos excercet inertia. Hor.

Busy vacancy destroys our rest.

THOU pearl of price, which none can find,
 Who tread this earthly ball,
 Thou phantom of the heaven-born mind
 Whom sorrows ne'er enthrall;
 Say, dost thou dwell within the bound,
 That limits earth and time,
 Or art thou only to be found
 In yon celestial clime?
 If e'er on earth thou deign to rove,
 A truant from the realms above,
 If the dim ken
 Of mortal men
 To scan thine angel-form may dare,

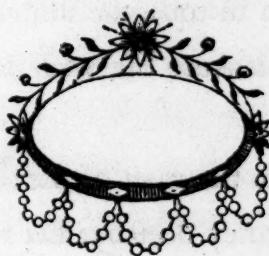
Quickly to my straw-built cell,
Which rises in yon flowery dell,
With all thy mystic train, O Happiness, repair.

She smiles; the rose-lip'd Seraph smiles serene,
And glows in bright effulgence to my sight,
Behold her humble majesty of mien,
Behold her eyes diffusing beamy light:
'Mortal,' the blooming vision thus began,
'Ere tyrant Vice o'er Virtue bore the sway,
My joy-fraught hours were dedicate to man,
With him in converse sweet I wont to stray.
As yonder sun the dædal earth surveys,
And with enlivening beams her offspring cheers,
I guarded man, I daily watch'd his ways,
I nurs'd his pleasures, and dispers'd his fears;
But soon, ungrateful to my fostering hand,
He thought me niggard, in the joys I gave,
Then on himself he took his own command,
And seeking baneful joys became the abject slave.

Deceitful Sloth, in gaudiest array,
Allur'd mankind from my too fond embrace,
To happier scenes she feign'd to point the way,
But ah! she led to ruin and disgrace!
Man, wrapt in dreams of everlasting ease,
And fondly gazing on the painted maid,
Thought every motion capable to please,
And drank with thrilling rapture all she said:
But while attent he view'd the guileful fair,
Her bonds she cast his lazy limbs around;
Thenceforth departed every virtuous care,
And only false delights with him are found.
Blind to himself, he fancies to possess
A life of ease, with all its lureful charms,
But drudges on in toilsome idleness,
And finds each pleasure big with danger and alarms.

Laborious Sloth the man of pleasure sways,
And busy Vacancy destroys his rest;
Virtue alone can smooth the thorny ways,
And plant the seeds of pleasure in his breast.

When man for me with ardent passion sigh'd,
And blushful Virtue could acceptance find,
For heart-felt joys he rov'd not far and wide,
He felt each pleasure centred in his mind.
But list! what Virtue is I'll briefly show:
Not passive goodness, but an active zeal,
A heart, from which unceasing efforts flow,
To aid some private, or the public weal.
Here, mortal, be thy diligence employ'd,
Banish each selfish, sluggish toil away;
Court Virtue to become thy blooming bride,
And I'll attend and strew with flowers, where'er ye
bend your way.'



ON THE LOVE OF FAME.

SPOKEN AT MANCHESTER SCHOOL,
1795.

Non est dulcis sine pulvere palma.

No cheap-bought fame delights the generous heart.

FROM where Aurora, drest in smiles,
On car refulgent borne,
Awakens men to wonted toils,
And opes the gates of morn;
To where the Sun, at close of day,
Bathes in the' Hesperian deep his steeds,
The mass of human kind survey,
And mark, from whence their greatest joy proceeds.
The love of fame in every breast
With absolute dominion sways,
And mortals sacrifice their peace and rest,
To gain the mighty meed of praise.

But under various forms in various souls
 The ruling-passion, Proteus-like, is seen,
 Yet still with haughty mien
 And with despotic power the willing slave controuls.

Blush, mortals, ye who deem it fame
 To climb the highest steep of shame,
 Who place in bestial scenes your joy,
 And strive to' excel in pleasures, that destroy.
 Your souls, no doubt, a thirst of fame inspires,
 Your hearts a noble ardour fires,
 With low enjoyments, who degrade your kind,
 Who drown in Circe's cup those powers divine,
 That elevate and dignify the mind,
 And change, what once was MAN, into a brutish
 swine.

Florella, soon as she beholds the morn,
 First at her toilette due devotion pays,
 To Venus for increase of beauty prays,
 And sovereign skill that beauty to adorn:
 She fondly hopes the victor-crown to wear,

If other belles unprais'd, unsung remain,
Nor the small meed of humble lays obtain,
While crowds extol her form, the fairest of the fair.

Thus might we with satyric ken
Look through the vulgar herd of men,
Observe their anxious cares how vain,
How studiously they covet pain;
And seek for fame in false or guilty joys,
Which nature shrinks from, and themselves despise!
But, leave me, Muse, the worthless of mankind,
Who seek the wreath superior vice bestows,
And those, who hope the meed of fame to find
In charms, precarious as the blooming rose,
Transient as the fleeting shade,
Unsubstantial, prompt to fade,
Is every mimicry of fame,
Base usurpation of that noble name:
Valour and virtue only can secure
The wreath of deathless praise, thro' ages to endure.

Behold that mountain's craggy side,
 With brakes and thorn o'ergrown,
 Whose top can scarcely be descried,
 Whose pathway hardly known:
 High on the summit rises fair
 The splendid dome of Fame,
 To which those daring souls repair,
 That seek a deathless name.
 The toils and dangers of the road
 But yield a new delight,
 And spur them on to gain the bright abode,
 Where ever-blooming laurels charm the sight.
 Distinguish'd, 'midst the warrior crowd,
 The Macedonian moves with kingly pride,
 Our Sable Prince attendant at his side,
 And He,* beneath whose youthful arm the flower
 of Gallia bow'd.

Here all the Brave, the Good, the Wise,
 Who far outstript their rivals in the race,

* Henry 5th.

Receive from Fame the never-fading prize,
And in her glorious fane hold an exalted place.

For still on highly-virtuous deeds

Immortalizing honours wait;

Nor more belov'd by Fame is he, that bleeds,

Than he, whose goodness makes him great.

Above the crowd pre-eminent appears

Immortal Socrates, whose lofty soul,

Govern'd by rigid virtue's awful lore,

Despis'd frail life and banish'd human fears,

And smil'd on ghastly death—yea more,

Subdued his native vice and spurn'd it's base controul.

But see a vicious and degenerate race,

Of virtuous ancestry the deep disgrace,

Aspiring to be thought the sons of Fame,

Thro' the mere honour of a titled name;

Who look on merit with disdainful eyes,

“And scorn the man by three descents less wise.”

These vain pretenders take a fond delight,

And plume themselves in their forefathers' praise,

Rejoice to wear unmerited the bays,
 And boast themselves illustrious in their own despite
 With nobler ardour is the Lion fir'd,
 Whose soul the life-deserted corse disdains,
 Nor preys on food by others' might acquir'd,
 But seeks it toiling o'er the desert plains.
 No cheap-bought fame delights the generous heart
 SINCE CONSCIOUS WORTH ALONE CAN CONSCIOUS
 JOY IMPART.

Hark! the shrill trumpets loudly sound,
 Fame casts her eager eyes around,
 And sees with joy an aged Son advance,
 The terrour and the scourge of faithless France.
 The Genius of Britannia's sea-girt isle,
 Beholds and greets him with a gracious smile,
 And all the Spirits of the azure main
 Exulting round him throng, and swell his train.
 Behind him, with a prosperous gale,
 Britannia's fleet or sails or seems to sail,

And with them Gallia's shatter'd vessels bring,
Proclaiming, as they ride the waves,
"Britons never can be slaves,"

Whilst HOWE commands our Fleet, and GEORGE
remains our King.'



TO MEDIOCRITY.

Stultitiam patiuntur opes.

HORACE.

Say, are your coffers fill'd with heaps of ore?
Then may you play the fool and drink and whore!

O thou, whose guardian sway
To god-like wisdom bends the human mind,
And in the flowery way,
To Virtue's fane that leads, directs mankind;
O nymph! our greatest friend below,
Insensate Folly's keenest foe,
That, like the wintry blast, whose pow'r
Cankers the just-unfolding flow'r,
Dost nip the bud of vain caprice,
Of haughty pride and baneful vice,
Whom Luxury, with downcast eyes,
And all her train of sorrows, flies:
Haste, haste thee, nymph, and live with me,
I woo thee to my cot, sweet MEDIOCRITY!

Do thou, with guardian care,
 Pilot my bark along the sea of life,
 Of latent sands beware,
 And guard me from the rocks of vice and strife!
 Launch not into the ocean's deep,
 Where storms perpetual horrors keep,
 Now tossing up with dangerous flow,
 Now dashing to the gulph below;
 But, when a prosperous wind prevails,
 Wisely contract the swelling sails,
 Nor when the dreadful tempests roar,
 Absurdly press too near the shore,
 (Dangers unseen are lurking there)

But still the middle course, unhurt, undaunted, steer.

O, by thy power divine,
 Guard me alike, I pray, from each extreme,
 Nor Poverty be mine,
 Whose venom'd shafts with woeful sorrow teem!
 Lo! lo! the Fiend now passes by
 With faltering step and tearful eye;

How woefully his hands he wrings,
 What looks distracted round him flings!
 O watch him to yon clay-built shed,
 Where neither food is seen nor bed!
 Observe him, on that filthy straw,
 His gaspings, short and deadly, draw;
 Now writhes with pain the sunk-eyed wight,
 And now his soul releas'd affects the' ethereal height.

Nor Riches be my share,
 Which, underneath their gaudy outward show,
 A sting envenom'd bear,
 And for each joy they give inflict a woe!
 Fools, it is true, there are who deem
 Such bawbles worthy their esteem;
 Who seek them with incessant toil
 By every means, in every soil;
 Who, loaded with a plenteous store
 Of sparkling gems and golden ore,
 Suppose they're privileg'd to be
 The foremost in impiety,

To stand in Folly's van the first,
Folly from Riches sprung, by Riches madly nurst.

Riches, away, away!
Ye nourishers of vice, of good the bane,
Quick my behest obey,
Nor ever dare my straw-built shed prophane!
Tho' humble at your splendid shrine
You hear the sycophantic whine;
Tho' whatsoe'er ye do or cause,
Or good, or bad receives applause;
Tho' you the multitude esteem,
And all your vices virtues deem;
Yet are ye powerless to bestow
Exemption or from care or woe;
Haste thee then, nymph, and live with me,
I woo thee to my cot, sweet **MEDIOCRITY!**



ODE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN DURING A STORM AND SHIPWRECK.

Me miserum! quanti montes volvuntur aquarum;
Quantus ab æthereo personat axe fragor! OVID.

How high, great God, the surgy mountains roll,
What sounds horrific shake the' æthereal pole!

HARK! the loud thunders rend the pole,
The livid lightning blueely gleams,
Behold the watery mountains roll,
And list the seamen's dying screams!

O save us from a watery fate,
If such the gracious will of heav'n;
Or raise us to thy blissful state,
Our crimes forgot, at least forgiv'n.

Great God of mercy, from on high
 Propitious listen to our pray'rs,
 And count each penitential sigh,
 And note our frequent-falling tears.

Mov'd with the dangers that surround,
 Mov'd with the view of death, we cry;
 Repentance breathes the pious sound,
 And wafts it to thy throne on high.

Where is the breast to sin unknown?
 Where is the heart from failings free?
 O what can for our guilt atone,
 Save him, who suffer'd on the tree?

Great God of mercy, from on high
 Propitious listen to our pray'rs,
 And count each penitential sigh,
 And note our frequent-falling tears.

Ah! see, upon the whirlwind's wing,
 The Spirits of the storm are borne,
 In the torn shrouds horrific sing,
 And dash the wild waves as in scorn!

And lo! the masts are rent asunder,
 How dreadful is this new commotion!
 Again the lightning glares, and thunder
 Re-echoes o'er the realms of Ocean!

Great God of mercy, from on high
 Propitious listen to our pray'rs,
 And count each penitential sigh,
 And note our frequent-falling tears.

"She sinks, she sinks," the seamen cry,
 "Heaven take us to eternal rest!"
 This moment we the land descry,
 And plunge on Ocean's furrow'd breast!

Suspended on the buoyant waves,
 We joyful reach the wish'd-for shore,
 And while the deathful tempest raves,
 Our Saviour's goodness we adore.

Great God of mercy, from on high
 Propitious thou hast heard our pray'r;
 A spotless life shall be the thanks
 We give thee for thy watchful care.



TO VIRTUE.

*Falsus honor juvat et mendax infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum et medicandum?* HORACE.

False praise can charm, unreal shame controul
Whom, but a vicious or a sickly soul? FRANCIS.

HAPPY the man, who thro' life's slippery vale
Hath pass'd unmov'd by all its tinsel glare,
Nor grasp'd at honour, nor at praise unreal,
But made a virtuous life his constant care;
Who nobly scorn'd the sordid gain,
Acquir'd by others' loss or pain;
Who never wantonly abus'd,
Nor e'er his generous aid refus'd;
Who like the sun, with lenient blaze,
Diffus'd around his fostering rays:

He, arm'd with conscience, stronger far than mail,
Shall hear the lies of Fame, nor redden at the tale.

O poisonous Slander! eldest born of hell,
 Blackest of all the curst infernal clan!
 Who brought thee first on this round globe to
 dwell?

Who taught thy tooth to bite at guiltless man?

The viper's tooth, the winter-wind,
 Compar'd to thee, are mild and kind,
 E'en Death, with all his fatal band,
 Depopulating every land,
 The poison'd bowl, the lethal spear,
 Than thee a milder aspect wear;

But oft, thank heaven, thy venom'd shafts rebound,
 And thou art wounded, when thou thought'st to
 wound.

The man, whose heart from pride and guilt is free,
 False praise and lying fame alike disdains,
 Slander may cause a short-liv'd injury,
 But soon his name a tenfold lustre gains;

He smiles at the malignant tale
 Which dares his spotless life assail;

His bosom knows not how to fear,
 Good-conduct is a bulwark there;
 Lies, black as hell, like idle wind,
 Pass by, nor leave a trace behind;
 He stands unhurt, unmov'd by every stroke,
 * As braves the boisterous storm the sturdy mountain
 oak.

Now turn your eyes to yonder neighbouring grove,
 Where warbling choirs distend their little throats,
 Where all seems form'd for pleasure and for love,
 And echo answers all their pleasing notes.
 See, hidden from the careless eye,
 A wight in seeming anguish lie;
 Lo! now he walks in tumult tost,
 And seems e'en to himself as lost;
 Spurr'd on by Satan, he imbru'd
 His murdering hand in guiltless blood!
 Mark how his eyes in lost confusion roll,
 And shew the wretched state of his perturbed soul.

Hark! the sweet linnet pours his sprightly song:

The murderer shudders at the pleasing noise:

The rivulet murmurs as it rolls along;

Behold he starts and dreads a human voice!

The rustling wind upon its wings

Innumerable horrors brings,

A leaf, that loosens from its spray,

Strikes terrour and confus'd dismay:

The shadow of himself he fears,

And starts when his own voice he hears;

But most the wanton voice of common Fame,

Frights the "blood-bolter'd" wretch and wrings his
soul with shame.

Learn hence ye youths, ysprung from Britain's isle,

To court fair Virtue with unceasing care,

To spurn at Vice, to loathe her deathful smile,

And shun, with diligence, each latent snare.

Thus Albion, like the realms above,

The favourite of almighty Jove,

For arts and warlike arms renown'd,

And with immortal freedom crown'd,
Shall still encrease her deathless fame,
Till farthest worlds have heard her name:
And when her praise has reach'd earth's utmost
bound,
It shall from age to age incessantly resound!



TO MODESTY.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu? HORACE.

In what will all this ostentation end? ROSCOMMON.

HAIL! lovely, blue-eyed maid,

Whose simple charms allure,

To thee my vows be paid,

While earth and time endure.

All hail to thee

Sweet MODESTY!

Each Son of Man from thee assumes

A lovelier, a diviner grace,

In thee each mortal beauty blooms,

Which sweetly decks the female face.

Oft on the rural reign

Thy blushful form I view,

Among the village train,

Remote from Fashion's crew.
Thou lov'st to rove
In silent grove,
But shun'st alas! the gorgeous state,
The splendid nothings of a court,
Where Sorrow's moody train await,
And Fashion mocks thee for her sport.

Not with deceiving show
Dost thou a friend betray,
Nor make the perjur'd vow,
To perish with the day.
With all thy words
Thy heart accords,
And still, while Time his course shall roll,
Each heart, from vice and folly free,
Shall gladly own thy bland controul,
And bow to peerless MODESTY.

ODE.

Aude, hospes, contemnere opes. VIRGIL.

Love not the glare of wealth.

HARK! 't is the shriek of human woe,

A female voice assails my ear,

Whence can the cry of sorrow flow,

O whence the thrilling sounds of fear?

Again the sorrowing sound

More loudly echoes round!

' What phrenzied soul has dar'd prophane

The temple of the God of day,

Who rules us with his lenient sway,

And sheds on fair Peru the blessings of his reign?

What impious dæmon hither led,

Within this hundred-gated dome,

The horrors of your impious tread,

And taught you with illicit step to roam?
 Ah! do I see? or does my sight,
 Deluded, lost in wild affright,
 Deceive my sickening soul?
 Ah no! I see, I see the hallow'd floor
 Besprent with human gore,
 These fell Barbarians have imbrued
 Their mortal weapons in Peruvian blood,
 Disdaining Virtue's bland controul:
 And now with lawless grasp they tear
 Thy Priestess, holy Sun, away,
 Uncheck'd by sense of pious fear,
 Of thee, the God of life, whose reign shall ne-
 decay.'

Thus cried the mistress of the spangled fane,
 Whose walls with massive gold were deep inlay'd
 Where countless gems their beamy light display'd
 But ah! display'd their beamy light in vain!
 Nothing her pious rage nor grief avail'd,
 The Spanish fiends no pity knew,

The gold and gems the hands of theft assail'd,
And from the guarding shrine the holy Virgin drew.

Say, Muse, what hell-born passion of the breast,
Impetuous as the whirlwind's power,
When storms, conflicting, in the welkin lour,
Impell'd the sons of Spain to rob Peru of rest?

A fiend, as black as hell contains,
Accursed Avarice urg'd the deed,
The sire of theft and lawless gains,
Which oft to glut it's maw condemns the good to bleed.

The sordid love of splendid ore,
With countless crimes and sorrows teems,
And happy he, who wisely deems
What Nature's wants supplies, sufficient store.
Gold, precious, glittering, damned gold!
Thou cankerworm of every earthly joy,
Who seekest, Dis-like, whom thou may'st destroy,
Or in thy slavish bonds, as captives, hold.
How madly does the world allow

Thy universal sway!
 See Learning's self submissive bow
 To fools in rich array;
 And Misers, with their care-ridg'd brow
 Thine each behest obey:
 By night, by day they ceaseless toil
 Thy lov'd embrace to gain,
 They seek thee in each foreign soil,
 Across the faithless main.
 For thee the villain's part they play,
 And sink to meanness vile and low,
 For thee the cause of friends betray,
 For thee to hell's dark monarch bow.
 But whilst the madman pines with love of pelf,
 Tho' endless hoards he count, he starves himself.
 Wretched he watches o'er the vasty stores,
 And fears the famish'd mouse, that scarce can creep,
 The murmurs of the breeze disturb his sleep,
 He thinks them robbers wrenching ope his doors,
 In this, tho' not in fraud, is Elwes seen,
 Who starv'd to save his Gold, his bosom's tyrant queen.

See Pride, that throws his head on high,
To Gold his daily vows he pays,
Plutus to him his precious hoards displays,
And flatters him that he shall still be nigh.
Once Britain's sons, whose daily bread
Was earn'd by hard, but grateful toil,
Deem'd him the best, the happiest man, who led
His life in honest, humble style,
Nor pin'd for pomp and useless state,
Nor ap'd the manners of the great;
But now each petty son of trade,
Building on credit's tottering sand,
Must Fashion's costly realm invade,
Till crashing oft he harms the solid land.

Gold, dear destroyer, thus exerts it's sway
Despotic, every knee to gold is bent;
E'en those, who have it not, are not content,
Unless at least the semblance with them stay.

O say what evil does not flow
From all-commanding ore,

What sin, what folly, or what woe,
 Proceeds not from the precious worthless store?
 But most, all-pleasing Love, I plain,
 That thou submittest to its tyrant reign.

Life's harmony
 Is ceas'd with thee;
 Not when eclipses dim the solar ray,
 So gloomy seems the day,
 As does the human breast, with Love's pure light,
 Is veil'd by baleful vice in thickest shades of night.

From Gold, alluring fiend, arose
 Beneath the mask of kindness all,
 The reign of Luxury, that kills repose,
 And mixes every sweet with more of gall.
 From her Disease, and Death proceeds,
 And Softness, foe to warlike deeds;
 'Twas she, who doom'd to ruin's hand,
 The fam'd Republic of the Athenian land:
 Lur'd by her harlot-charms the sons of Rome
 Embrac'd the seeming-beauteous maid,

And ah! like all her votaries were betray'd,
And, with their glorious state, met ignominious doom.

And ah! but peace my too-prophetic soul!

Speak it I must, the Muse rejects controul;—

Soon shall Britain's splendid name

Sink in Lethe's quiet wave,

No more the first in lists of fame,

No more the bravest of the brave;

Unless some Genius' guardian care

Drives Luxury and all her train

To France, where she may breathe her native air,
Nor taint our chalky shores, encircled by the main.

Could frugal decency again prevail,

Recall the image of our fathers' times,

Banish our new-imported crimes,

And teach to twang the bow, and bear the ponderous
mail,

Britain, to her own interest true,

Would mock the foeman's threats and make the
threatener rue.

O you—whom Fortune with her gifts endows,
The Muse's earnest counsel hear,
The Muse's counsel is to virtue dear,
For from the fount of good it always flows!—
Love not the glare of wealth, nor pomp of show,
Let Pleasure ne'er intoxicate your brain,
Drive bell-capt Folly to the shades below,
Nor suffer Luxury to swell your train,
Banish Ambition to the king of hell,
Who gave it birth when from his heaven he fell;
Let placid virtue every action guide,
Let goodness o'er your bosom's throne preside;
Fir'd by the' example of the God of day,
Diffuse around your bounty's fostering ray,
Raise humble "worth by poverty deprest,"
And let it shine in native splendour drest,
Assist the orphan, dry the widow's tears,
And quiet Misery's ever-anxious fears,
Search out each wretch, by pallid want oppress,
Apply the healing balm and soothe their woes to rest.

Think you, that human nature cannot climb
 Above the world to such a height sublime?
 Banish the thought—the tearful Muse has known
 The man, in whom such lofty virtue shone,
 Whose heart was purely of celestial frame,—
 And need she mention JACKSON'S* honour'd name?

* The Rev. Wm. Jackson, M. A. late Master of the Free Grammar School, Stockport; under whom the Author was educated five years. “Cunctis ille bonis flebilis occidit” A. D. 1791.

O Deth ! that didist nought harm singulare
 In slaughtre' of him, but all the lond it smertith :
 But natheless yit hastow no powere
 His name to ale ; his his virtue astertith
 Unsleyn fro the, which ay us lifely hertith. OCCLEVE.

I feel myself about to lapse into a fond garrulity, but I restrain the overflowings of affection.



ON THE SUPERIOR FELICITY OF THE
HUMBLE STATE.

Bene est, cui Deus obtulit

Parca, quod satis est, manu.

HORACE.

Let heaven with frugal bounty give,

For competence alone is ease.

BOSCAWEN.

FAR from busy crowds withdrawn,
May I the winged moments spend!
On some flower-enamel'd lawn,
With sweet Content, my lowly friend;
There waken'd by the shepherd's clock
Arise at matin with the cock,
And joyful till the fertile ground,
Or watch my lambkins graze around.
Let nought appear upon my board
But what my cultur'd lands afford.
Under the hawthorn's grateful shade
Let me the noontide sun evade,

And taste unceasing rural joys
 More pure and uncorrupt than e'er from thrones arise.

Happier is the shepherd swain,
 With his smiling sun-burnt maid,
 Dancing on the verdant plain,
 In an home-spun suit array'd;
 Or beneath the vocal pine,
 When he throws his limbs supine,
 Where the whispering breezes play,
 Tempering the meridian ray;
 Than the proud master of a throne,
 Bestar'd with gems of price unknown,
 On whom the troops of pleasure wait,
 Whose haughty nod dispenses fate,
 And sets the vassal world in arms,
 And fills the spacious orb with terroure and alarms.

Ah me! behold the forky light
 Quick-glancing from the skies!
 Behold! that rose, at morn so bright,

Now sickens, droops, and dies;
Or view the momentary shade
That scarce appeareth, ere it fade:

Then think, O mortal man!
So short, so fleeting is thy vital span,
Nor golden ore, nor honour'd birth,
Nor titles, nor intrinsic worth,
Nor piety itself can save
Thine earthy temple from the grave.
The lethal moment all await

Each living wight must sink beneath the hand of fate.

Why then should ever anxious cares
Employ thy mortal breast,
And, provident for future years,
Engloom thy present rest?
Seek not hoarded wealth to gain
Glittering gewgaws, splendid pain!
Court not honour's empty name,
Specious term for care and shame.

The raging winds with rudest blast assail

Aspiring pines, that tower amid the skies;
The cloud-capt turrets brave the fiercest gale,
While lowly cots but hear the distant noise;
The seeming great "a golden sorrow wear,"
Their bosom rack'd with grief and torn with ceaseless
care.



ON THE MISCHIEVOUS EFFECTS OF
PROSPERITY.

Luxuriant animi rebus plerumque secundis.

Hard is the task, when Syren wealth invites,
To scorn her proffer'd sweets and spurn her gay delights.

ENRAPTUR'D with the babbling rill,
That pours it's music down some craggy steep,
The swain reclines upon his favourite hill,
Attunes his jocund pipe, and half forgets his sheep;
Exploring nature's varied maze,
Unnumber'd charms arrest his gaze,
Delighted he admires;
In diapason with the current's note,
The warbling crew responsive pour their throat,
And tell their amorous fires.
Pleas'd with the lowly grandeur of the scene,
Unstain'd in life and in his mind serene,

He laughs at all the pageantry of state,
Pities the splendid sorrows of the great,
And happier dines on what his fields afford,
Than kings on all the dainties of their board.

Blest were mankind, if in the womb of earth

 Resplendent gems and sparkling ore,

 Still labour'd for a fruitless birth,

 Unknown, as in the times of yore.

 Could they protract the date of death,

 Or bring again departed breath,

 I'd hoard the bawbles up with care;

 But since they cannot e'en bestow

 A moment's ease from pain and woe,

Ye powers! be lowly Innocence my share.

 By gold our grief and cares encrease,

 The dear destroyer of our peace,

 By gold our various vices grow,

 From gold luxurious revels flow;

Hard is the task, when syren wealth invites,

To scorn her offer'd sweets and spurn her gay delights.

What time the vigour of the Roman arm
 Rush'd, torrent-like, on the retreating world,
 Thro' every nation spread the wide alarm
 And o'er the sad scene desolation hurl'd;—

Rome's hardy sons, with fierce delight,
 Undaunted sought the bleeding fight:
 They, to the field of Mars inur'd,
 Patient of Phœbus' burning ray,
 Severest exercise endur'd,

The sport and honour of each live-long day.
 To them were pride and luxury unknown,
 Wealth and its vices had not stain'd their heart;
 Frugal content had "mark'd them for her own,"
 They sought not miseries produc'd by art.
 Wrapt in their rugged virtue's awful lore,
 They deem'd the virtuous only great, the vicious
 only poor.

But soon the Mistress of the vanquish'd earth,
 Flush'd with the conquest of the vast domain,
 Enrich'd with spoil and precious gems of earth,
 Admitted luxury and all it's train;

Romans fill'd the sparkling bowl,
Mirthful danc'd in wanton measures,
Sunk in health-destroying pleasures,
And debaucheries most foul.

The youth, that erst with vigour launch'd the spear,
And whirl'd impetuous the victorious car,
Now meagre, wan, and spiritless appear,
And startle at the very sound of war.

Thus Asia's gold, more powerful than her arms,
Impair'd their strength and fill'd them with alarms;
Her vices vanquish'd her victorious foes,
Whose ever-conquering arms 't was madness to
oppose.



TO SCIENCE.

Disce, docendus adhuc. HORACE.

Learn, for new stores of knowledge still remain.

ROUGH from the mine, the gemmy store,
With ambient dross encrusted o'er,
No vivid spark displays;
But, polish'd by the hand of art,
Around it's coruscations dart,
And feign a living blaze.

Not otherwise the human mind,
Uncultivated, unrefin'd,
Enwrapt in error seems;
But when to man's astonish'd gaze
Science her ample page displays,
His mind with knowledge teems.

Learning, thou Sun, that gilds the mind,
Of human pleasures most refin'd,

I woo thee to my shed!

Thy plastic hand can nourish youth,
"And teach the young ideas" growth;
Our minds by thee are fed:

Thou canst encharm the live-long night,
And even peevish age delight

Throughout the sickly day;

Thou shed'st a lustre on a crown,
Nor dost, when Fates adversely frown,
Refuse thy lenient sway.

The joys of Learning charm the mind
When roving free and unconfin'd

Along the vale or hill;

They charm in rustic state when laid
Under the hawthorn's grateful shade,
Or by the pebbled rill.

To Science then direct thy view,
Her angel form with zeal pursue,
While circling years shall flow;
Increase in knowledge as in days,
And always deem it highest praise,
Her mysteries to know.

Short is the date of human life,
A checquer'd scene of varied strife,
The page of Science wide;
Wisdom by long experience grows,
Great skill from live-long study flows,
Be Learning then thy pride.

Great Cato, of immortal fame,
That honour of the Roman name,
When now advanc'd in age,
Did not with haughty mien disdain
New springs of Learning to obtain,
But con'd the Grecian page.

IMITATED FROM THE SECOND EPODE OF
HORACE.

Laudamus veteres, sed nostris utimur annis.

The spotless times of yore we loudly praise,
But in our acts conform to present days.

HAPPY the man, from busy cares withdrawn,
Who seeks the sweets of rural ease,
Where every spot has power to please,
The rugged mountain and the verdant lawn.
He shuns the deathful din of war,
The dreadful trumpet's bray;
Tho' cannons thunder from afar,
He hears without dismay.
Nor when the threatening billows rise,
And blackening clouds appear,
Does he with horror view the skies,
And Neptune's fury fear.

No golden dreams of fame or wealth
Disturb his humble views,
With peace of mind and blooming health
His labour he pursues.
Contented with his rustic plains,
Luxurious revels he disdains.
When now the rosy-bosom'd morn
Tinges the east with gilded ray,
And, on her silent coursers borne,
Serenely ushers in the day,
The lonely voice of Chanticleer
Calls him from his humble bed;
Unfolded soon his fleecy care appear,
And, bleating, stray along the distant mead.

But when the beauteous Autumn rears,
With various fruitage crown'd, her head,
When waves the golden plain with ripen'd ears,
And cluster'd grapes their purple fragrance shed,
How does it glad his raptur'd heart,
Devoid of all the luxuries of art,

To reap the product of his toil,
 Sweeter from his native soil!
 When the daily task is done,
 With the sober-setting sun,
 How untainted his delight,
 Underneath his straw-built shade,
 Where nor grief nor cares invade,
 Mirthfully to waste the night.
 Where his merry sun-burnt wife,
 Partner of his happy life,
 Meets her spouse, with open arms,
 While his numerous infant line
 Round his knees in gambols twine;
 Every hour is full of charms.

Such were mankind, ere eagle-winged pride
 And wealth luxurious pamper'd false desires;
 Each day did toil in harmony subside,
 Each night enjoy'd the sweets, that innocence inspires.
 Grant me, ye powers, I seek no higher bliss,
 A life retir'd and blest, and innocent as this!

Fatigued with bustle, luxury, and strife,
Enraptur'd with the charms of rural life,
Thus Sparkish fondly cries,
Pictures in thought the beauties of the scene,
Tho' lowly, grand; tho' lively, yet serene;
Then to his coachman flies:—
“John! bring the carriage to the door,
In less, d' ye hear, than half an hour.”
To take him to his vill, you think, no doubt:—
Alas! that innocence of former days
So late the theme of his unbounded praise,
Is spurn'd, forgotten—for a drunken rout.



TO LEARNING.

*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.* OVID.

Mild are the manners, elegant the mind,
Which Learning's plastic labours have refin'd.

FAR from mortal ken retir'd,
Estrang'd from worldly cares and fears,
With love of learned lore inspir'd,
May I pass my transient years.
Banish'd be Pleasure's lureful band,
Adorn'd with gems of wanton show,
That point to some more happy land,
But lead to infamy and woe:
Far be laborious Sloth away,
That ne'er employs the present day;
Bacchus, remove thy sparkling bowl,
The mirthful poison of the soul;

Or pour the juice with sparing flow,
 To nerve our limbs, or quench our woe.
 But come, Content, with angel-mien,
 Be thou my constant guest, be thou my rural queen.

To thee, the Muses will repair,
 Celestial nymphs, beyond compare,
 And rove with thee the meads along,
 And pore upon the babbling rill,
 Or take us to their favourite hill,
 And fill our wondering souls with melody of song.
 The Muses every thought refine,
 And make the mortal seem divine,
 Abandoning his clay,
 They lift his soul to climes unknown,
 Beyond the torrid, or the frigid zone,
 Beyond the blaze of day.
 E'en savage natures they disarm,
 And lull them with their potent charm,
 The brinded pard, unmatch'd in ire,
 Discards his threatful spots, and listens to the lyre.

The Muses crown the youthful train,
Please drooping age and soothe it's pain;
The Muses grace the regal throne,

The ducal crown adorn,
To lowly poverty are known,
And strip it of it's thorn.

When health impair'd, or hanging showers,
Confine ourselves at home,

They lead us to their magic bowers,
And teach our minds to roam.

Thro' all the watches of the night,
In fairy-wise, they stand around,
And make the horrid gloom delight,
And cure disease's tedious wound,

They banish strife, and heart-fed care,
And soothe to peaceful rest the torturing fiend
Despair.

Tell me, ye sordid sons of gain,
Who seek it o'er the swelling main,

Can splendent heaps of gems and gold,
Pleasures so chaste, so pure unfold?
Can riches civilize the mind,
And raise us from ourselves refin'd?
Or do n't they rather clog this fine machine,
And weigh us down to earth, and from true pleasure
wean?

But lo! the sister-train appear,
Observe that meek, that dove-eyed maid,
In simplest elegance array'd,
Who smiling guards the rear;
Her name is Virtue, to the Muses dear:
Whoe'er approaches to their fair abode,
Untaught by her to tread the flowery road,
Returns confus'd, abash'd, derided by the crowd.

Behind, a visionary band
My rapt eyes see, or seem to see,
The favour'd sons of every land,
Since rolling years began to be.

High above all the Grecian poets rears
 Pre-eminent the blind Smyranean bard,*
 Whose genius like a mounting flame appears,
 Which nought has power to weaken or retard.
 The Roman† follows, with unequal pace,
 And lost in wonder gazes on the form,
 Nobly serene, he holds the middle space,
 Nor feels the ground, nor rides upon the storm.
 Fast by the swain of Mantua behold,
 With smile satyrical, a mirthful Shade,‡
 E'en now his hands the glass of satire hold,
 And now he tunes the lofty lyre in verdant grotto laid.

With sober step, and countenance serene,
 The graceful Tully moves the first among,
 Sweetly majestic appears his mien,
 And honey flows in language from his tongue.
 See yonder brook along the meadows play,
 And wind around and vivify the scene,

* Homer.

† Virgil.

‡ Horace.

Now straiten'd in it's banks it speeds it's way,
 Now laves the flowers upon it's margent green.
 Like that his beauteous eloquence appears,
 And spreads it's charms diffuse and wins upon our ears.

*Near him the boast of Athens towers,
 Haranguing the surrounding throng
 In words, that like a torrent, bear along,
 Impetuous, the mind and all it's powers:
 But cease we to admire this noble pair,
 Lest democratic crowds with plaudits rend the air.

With these, a chosen band, retir'd,
 With Milton's Muse and Shakspeare fir'd,
 Whose "native wood-notes" wildly please,
 May I recline in classic ease:
 Under an oak's diffusive shade,
 Or in a grot with ivy spread.
 Science, thou spark of heavenly flame,
 Thou sweetest boon of gods benign,

* Demosthenes.

Who know'st the fiercest mind to tame,
And stamp it with a mould divine,
Do thou, in fairy-form, appear,
Ascend my bosom's throne, and govern there.
*The Macedonian's haughty soul,
Felt and acknowledg'd thy controul,
By thy dread sway in conquest he was kind,
And to all worldly wealth prefer'd the riches of the
mind.

* Alexander the Great.



TO HEALTH.

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis, acescit. HORACE,

In vase not sound or clean whate'er you pour,
How good soever, quickly waxes sour.

HAIL goddess of the rosy-tinted cheek,
Where smiles are wreath'd "in dimple sleek,"
Hail goddess of the sparkle-darting eye,
Where loves and graces ambush'd lie!
Ah! why, when young-eyed Hebe smiles,
Thy sister-offspring of the' ethereal powers,
Dost thou employ thy sullen wiles,
And taint with gall the passing hours?
O why, Hygeia, thus severely frown,
Why canker, cruel maid, life's opening bloom;
Why from my head tear youth's salubrious crown,
And ruthless bend me down untimely to the tomb?

Why dost thou fly the Muses' bower,
Where Learning, nymph of sober mien,
In silent musing oft is seen,
And ruminates on Wisdom's antique lore:

Why should thy despot-rule unkind
Be still averse to elegance of mind?
O could the Muse's charms attract thine heart,
I'd woo thee in my sweetest strains,
One gentle smile I'd force thee to impart,
One gentle smile would dissipate my pains.—
Or if thou wilt not lend the Muse thine ear,
Say where thou deign'st to dwell and I will seek thee
there.

For what is life, mirth-loving maid,
If thou engild it not with smiles?
E'en like a day, in night's dark vest array'd,
Whose tedious hours no bright-hair'd sun beguiles.
'Tis living death, existence in the grave,
Enshrouded in misfortune's blackest gloom;
Thou loveliest of the lovely, haste and save

Thy youthful suppliant from so dire a doom.
 Where rises Pleasure's sumptuous court,
 Where all her wanton train resort,
 Is that thy favour'd haunt?—that frowning brow
 Strikes cold my beating heart, and greatly answers—
 No.

Hark! 'tis her voice reverbs upon my ear,
 Her manly tone I hear,
 'Not in the haunts where Dissipation reigns,
 Where gaudy Wealth his splendid banner rears,
 (There Anguish lives and deathless Fears,)
 But on the verdure of the rural plains,
 Her presence and her joys Hygeia deigns.
 There with my sister Temperance I dwell,
 And dance the rural nymphs and swains among;
 Not monarchs know my countenance so well
 As do the virtuous rustic throng,
 Who roam the briered dales or mountain's craggy
 swell.'

Oft, angel-maid, nay thro' my whole of life,
 Have I been duteous to thy sister's laws,
 Yet still the tooth of Pain this temple gnaws,
 Still tinctures every hour with anguish'd strife.
 I know thou tread'st the carpet of the plain,
 I know thou lov'st the brook-adorned dell,
 The dark embowering wood and mountain's swell,
 But now I cannot fly the Town and Learning's
 chain.

Yes, I have seen thee in my childish day,
 What time I sported with unpain'd delight,
 Where yet my Grandsire smiles the time away,
 Where yet his partner hails each happy morning light.

Thy smiles engilded every opening dawn,
 With thee I wander'd, by my Grandsire led;
 With thee I deck'd the lambkins of the lawn,
 And on thy bosom lull'd my weary head.
 Nay, where Sapphira's charms outshine the day,
 Roaming with her, to catch thy smiles I seem,
 Ah! transient smiles, that die in frowns away,

And with Sapphira vanish like a dream.
 Pass a few loitering years, and by the side
 Of vallied brook, I'll woo thee for my bride;
 Till then farewell! a long, a sad adieu!
 Unless Oxonia's breeze this wasting frame renew.

But who, in chains of madness not confin'd,
 Though thou, with tortures keen,
 Invade his peace serene,
 Prefers corporeal health to health of mind?
 Should stern-eyed Justice view the guilty world,
 What bolts of fateful vengeance would be hurl'd!
 How few there are, who tread this earthly ball,
 Whom some disease of mind does not enthrall;
 The world is one huge lazarus-house of those,
 Whose vice or phrenzy gives their mind to woes;
 The eyes of Fancy view their inmost souls,
 And ken each black disease that every breast controuls.

Whom of the many shall the Muse's lay
 Bring out into the blaze of day?

That face distorted, angry, sour,
Those eyes where Death and Malice lour,
The' abode of Envy, gloomy hag, betray,
Whose snakes are ever prompt true merit to devour;
She, like the giant in romantic dreams,
Exults the most, when she can most destroy,
And, deck'd with limbs discerpt, she grandest seems;
Deadlier than poison is another's fame,
The only joy she proves springs from their bane or
shame.



ON THE EXECRABLE ATTEMPT AGAINST
HIS MAJESTY'S LIFE.

1795.

Shame for the world, Philander has his foes. YOUNG.

CEASE, my Muse, the frolic strain,
Thalia, strike no more the lyre,
Wit, with all thine antic train,
Quickly from my sight retire—
Shall sea-girt Albion's genuine seed
Tune the shell to sounds of joy,
While bastard-sons their hell-born care employ
To make the best of Monarchs bleed?
Blush, ye ministers of ill,
Ye couchant slaves to Satan's despot will,
Whose crooked souls would plunge in endless woe,
The soil, where Freedom fixes her abode;

Whose bosoms no delightful pleasure know,
 Save what may hurt mankind, and scandalize your
 God!

Turn to Gallia, turn your eyes,
 See there your wish'd-for blessings rise,
 See Famine's form, with haggard mien,
 Gnawing with greedy jaws a putrid horse;
 See Murder, stalking o'er the hellish scene,
 That butchers with mad rage the frequent corse;
 See Despotism, beneath fair Freedom's veil,
 It's hell-invented rapines dare conceal,
 Lay waste the heaven-devoted Fanes,
 Bind the self-blinded wights in galling chains,
 And, with Equality's deceiving show,
 Rob the deluded wretch, and leave him nought but
 woe!

You faint!—O quickly turn to Britain's isle,
 And view her happy state, and court her Monarch's
 smile.

Behold! the age-ennobled King
 Now to the Senate rides in lofty state,
 Not less in virtue, than in titles, great—
 Around him, O ye gales, your sweetest influence fling!

Attendant on his high behests,
 A train of fairy beings hover round;
 In solemn mood, Religion near him rests,
 With eyes to Heaven uplift, immers'd in thought
 profound!

Sky-gender'd Justice by his side appears,
 And holds with hand unmov'd the trying scales;
 Integrity her awful form uprears,
 And wealth-fraught Commerce spreads her flying
 sails:

There Plenty sheds her omnifarious stores,
 And Peace alone, in garments rent, her troubled
 reign deplores!

Ye Sons of Albion, hail your King,
 With loud huzzas your Monarch greet,
 His praise with hearts and voices sing,

And make the glorious scene complete ;

Extoll—

But hark that jarring sound !

O do I hear, or does my sense illude ?

Behold the fiend-like crowds that throng around,
And hiss the sacred Form, and treat with language
rude !

Ah, see! yon caitiff aims the tube of death;

O stop, ye Britons, stop the impious deed!

Yourselves receive the meditated scathe,

Nor let the Lord's anointed servant bleed !

O could *this breast* the fate-fraught ball oppose,

My soul should spring with joy to mansions of repose.

But lo! the Monarch needs no mortal care,

To save him from the' assassinating hand ;

The traitor-ball errs by Divine command,

And wrecks it's idle vengeance on the air.

Thanks to Jehovah's mighty arm,

Thanks to the God that rules on high,

Who guards with ever-watchful eye,

And shields the virtuous breast from harm.
 A Nation's vows, a Nation's love,
 Shall rise in raptures to the Throne above;
 The race unborn shall hallelujahs sing,
 And grateful hymns to Heaven's eternal King,
 Shall bless the goodness of the' Almighty deed,
 That sav'd our gracious Sovereign's life, by villain
 doom'd to bleed.



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ODE FOR HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, STOCKPORT,

IN THE CHARACTER OF BRITANNIA,

January 18, 1796.

Procul, o procul este profani.

VIRGIL.

Hence ye profane, avaunt!

Hunc, Macrine, diem numera meliore lapillo. PERSIUS.

This day, selected from the circling year,
Be mark'd with white, and to each Briton dear.

AVAUNT! ye traitors to a nation's joy,

Avaunt! ye sons of plunder'd gain,

Whose crooked souls each foul device employ,

And seek to terminate Britannia's reign!

Hence every dastard, hence rebellious crew,

Ye vile degenerate band,

Who seek in mother-blood your hands to' imbrue,

And sell your freedom to an hostile land.

Why so exaggerate the woes of war?
 Why teach my sons a double grief to feel;
 Why urge to point at me the traitor-steel,
 When adverse millions press us from afar?
 Think you that I a mother's pangs forego,
 Whene'er my children heap the' ensanguin'd plain?

Ah! no:

Each fatal wound I feel, I sigh for every pain:

But like the Spartan dames of yore,
 Who bravely met their coward-men,
 And sham'd them to the' embattled field again,
 To bear away the palm, or welter in their gore,
 Preferring noble death
 Before dishonour'd breath;
 So had I rather, in a needful cause,
 Behold a Briton bleed,
 Shielding Religion and the charter'd Laws,
 Than fly affrighted from the' heroic deed.
 Each true-born son will smile at keenest woe,
 And mock the blows of Fate,

When Freedom bids him to the battle go,
And GEORGE commands, whose goodness makes
him great,

Around whose throne may watchful angels bend,
And guard the sacred life of Peace and Virtue's friend.

*Hark! or does my willing soul
Feign the sound it joys to hear?—
Hark! the shouts approach more near;
Ceylon's flower-embroider'd plains,
The land, where endless pleasure reigns,
Submit, and joyful bow to GEORGE's mild controul.
The sons of beauteous Ceylon sing:
'Long may Britannia rule the globe,
Vested in her peaceful robe,
And long may smiling Heaven, indulgent, bless her
King.'

Such are the joyful news, that speed
A new-born daughter to the throne to hail,
An opening bud, of royal love the meed,
Fairer than Ceylon's fairest vale.

Thou, princely babe, shalt soothe thy grandsire's pain,
And GEORGE's Queen in thee shall live her youth
again.

*Hail, happy, happy pair,
Britannia's second care,
Hail, joyful parents of the royal child!
Thrice-happy YOUTH, thrice-happy MAID,
O never may your blisses fade,
But still arise more sweet than first when Hymen
smil'd.

O could Peace, with Honour join'd,
Rob'd in innocence appear,
What ecstasy would fill my ravish'd mind,
What sounds of joy should strike on every ear!
But War alone can speedy Peace procure,
War, resolutely wag'd, we must awhile endure;
Nor turn alone against our foreign foes,
But nip the bud ere civil discord blows;
For this each genuine son in arms appears,
For this does STOCKPORT train her loyal VOLUNTEERS.

*Hark! the breezes, from the main,
Whisper Peace's happy reign,

Now no more

Shall floods of gore

Drench the groaning earth,

At least, till past the day, which gave our

CHARLOTTE birth.

This was the morn, on which the skies,

Indulgent to mankind,

Yielded to earth their richest prize,

A worth of Female mind.—

War, the monster War recedes,

And grants the hour to mirth,

Peace, the love of Britain, speeds,

And hails her dearest queen on earth.

See the white-rob'd nymph advance,

Around her Joy and Love and blue-eyed Pleasures
dance.

Britons! hail the natal day,

Let every sound be joy,

Let nought the pleasing harmony destroy,
But tune to Loyalty the' ecstatic lay.

Blest be he, whose filial heart,
Sway'd by Virtue's sweet controul,
Swells with ardour to impart

Pleasure to the royal soul ;

This man my constant care shall guard,
Sweet-smiling Peace his sleep shall seal,
Bliss here on earth shall be his great reward,
And bliss in realms above, where woeless angels dwell.

But he, who wills that tyrant Fate
On GEORGE or CHARLOTTE frown,
Embitters here his mortal state,
And tears from anger'd heaven avenging thunders
down.

* The surrender of Trincomale, in the Island of Ceylon, the modern Elysium ; the birth of the Royal Infant ; and the Armistice, were events immediately antecedent to the day set apart for the celebration of the birth-day of her Majesty.



SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu. HORACE.

In what will all this ostentation end? ROSCOMMON.

No more I strike the lyric chord sublime,
But build, to Satire due, the humbler rhyme:
Insensate arrogance provokes the strain,
And L-ck-ngt-n conceals his head in vain.
Hail! noblest hero of the puffing tribe,
Thou something, nothing, which I can't describe;
Thou salmagundi of each noisome thing,
What verse thy villain-power of words shall sing?

Ulysses-like, thy crafty tongue can tell
Falsehoods as black as are the caves of hell.
With all thy nothingness of sounding phrase
Thou deck'st thine half-leav'd books with lying
praise.

Curious, and elegant, and neat are stil'd,
Books hardly clean enough to give a cleanly child.
Experience teaches Wisdom's sober lore,
And I, once bitten, shall be fool'd no more.
The "Muses' Temple" has no charms for me,
I'll woo the choir beneath some shady tree,
Or, where the Mersey rolls his waves along,
To Nature's self I'll tune the endless song.
But, L-ck-ngt-n, repent thee of thy crime,
Ere curs'd with fame in some immortal rhyme.
Meter all thy words by Truth's unerring scale,
Let Modesty o'er all thy deeds prevail:
Turn inward, turn thine eyes, thy failings scan,
And learn to rise to something like—a MAN.

But who comes here, unknown to every grace?
A self-made squinter, noted for grimace,

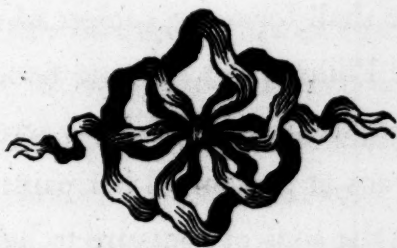
In awkward German-English hear him prate,
And tell the wonders of his fam'd "Black Cat."
Who can it be, but Katterfelto's self?
The soul of ignorance, that puffing elf,
Who dares to violate it's sacred name,
And to Philosophy lay kindred claim;
Philosophy, alas! of alter'd mien,
That teaches all the arts to cheat and thief I ween.

But hence ye paltry single villains, hence!
Hence all ye votaries of grandiloquence!
Whose promises a more than man declare,
Whose acts are none, or such as vex, or scare!
Your groveling names contaminate my page,
As things too puny far for Satire's rage.
Unnumber'd are the self-sufficient wights,
Who merit Satire, but whom Satire slights:
They, like the bubbles of the dashing tide,
Swell, burst, and die, or ere they be descried.
But come, ye Freedom-breathing tyrant elves,
Whose only study is to' enrich yourselves,

Who push'd the mighty Gallia on her fate,
And crush her underneath her own incumbent weight.
You are for biting Satire lawful prey,
Your promises are pageants of a day;—
When you polluted native Gallia's shore,
Inflam'd with phrenzy, with your Monarch's gore;
While Children fall beneath their impious Sires,
While the fond parent by his son expires,
Whilst husbands, matrons against nature war,
And call at last dire vengeance from afar,
Still do you promise liberty and joy,
And countless wealth and pleasures ne'er to cloy.
But still does Liberty your search evade,
All joy, all wealth, all pleasures quickly fade:
Moans howl along the deep-ensanguin'd streets,
Nor voice of Mirth the human hearing greets;
No dances now exhilarate the plains,
No joys attend the village nymphs and swains;
The mighty promises of masked power
Have made them suffer Sorrow's torturing hour.

And can ye, Britons, to your weal be blind,
Can such examples not arouse your mind?
Can Fox's glozing yet your hearing claim?
Since woe and anarchy are all it's aim!

Mortals, let wary Prudence be your guide,
And from your judgements chiefly banish Pride,
Pride oft allures us with her harlot-charms
To grasp a splendid nothing in our arms.
Does any promise, passing reason's bound?
Distrust the man, his promise is unsound.
O should his glozing words obtain belief,
Your days of joy are chang'd to disappointed grief.



SATIRE II.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est. HORACE.
To please the Great is no ignoble praise.

SATIRE proceed—while phrenzied Folly reigns,
'Tis thine to lash her friends in keenest strains,
'Tis thine to strip the golden-vested fool,
Nor suffer Vice, unfoil'd, o'er man to rule:
With Argus-eye the mass of men explore,
And let them feel thy kindly-adverse pow'r.
Say, Satire, for to thee the Times belong,
What vice shall form the subject of our song?
Shall false Philosophy, apostate fiend,
By Vice begotten, under Virtue screen'd,
Who spreads at present all her painted charms,
And lures the sons of Pleasure to her arms,
Who teaches us for sins no more to weep,
For why bewail, since "Death is endless sleep?"

Who strives with Paine, a pension'd tool of hell,
 That dares against his God and King rebel,
 To rob us of our only hope of heav'n,
 By godlike mercy in a Saviour giv'n;
 So seek the daughters of illicit joy,
 Like roaring lions, whom they may destroy,
 They mimic charms, to seeming pleasures lure,
 But lead to woes æterne, to woes that have no cure:
 Shall this, I say, provoke Satyric rage,
 Shall this the youthful Muse's scourge engage?
 'Not to the youthful Muse such themes belong,
 On heavenly subjects, heavenly be the song;
 Let other Bards of more energetic mind,
 Whose thoughts exalted leave the world behind,
 On whom fair Science all her lore bestows,
 Who know the wily sophist to expose;
 Let these, the champions of the sacred cause,
 Assail the traitors to celestial laws,
 Strip bare their boasted reason, show the fiend,
 The foul grim hag in gaudy vesture screen'd;

Oppos'd to her, Religion's form display,
 Who points to realms, where beams eternal day,
 An awful maid, undeck'd with borrow'd stole,
 That pours the stream of comfort o'er the soul;
 These shall with fame the cause of heaven maintain,
 By weak defenders foes advantage gain.
 Leave then the task above thy youthful might,
 And dart upon the prey in open sight,
 The Gamester's haunts, the Gamester's arts expose,
 And all his sad variety of woes,
 Let Fashion underneath thy scourge expire,
 Let Rhymesters feel thy medicinal ire,
 Or rather lash those mean, those nameless things,
 Disgrac'd by honours, who would poniard Kings.
 Agreed, my Muse; then hail ye paltry things,
 Who rail at Kings, and at the friends of Kings,
 Bedford, all hail! while Folly has a name,
 Thou shalt be foremost in the lists of shame;
 Bedford, all hail! in truth and reason's spite,
 Love all that's wrong, despise whate'er is right,

Abjure thy pompous titles, boldly dare
To show thyself dame Folly's hopeful heir,
Set light of honour, foolish empty name,
That serves alone to blazon forth thy—shame,
Rail at imperial George, old-fashion'd soul,
Who deems that earth is under heaven's controul,
Who thinks that virtue dignifies mankind,
And can delight in meek religion find,
Rail at his friends, for they, no doubt, are true
To sentiments of like old-fashion'd hue,
Throw every sense of decency aside,
Be meanness, madness all thy bosom's pride,
Neglect the Senate, fly to Palace-yard,
Cropt *a-la-mode* and *cap-a-pie* prepar'd,
There retail Fox's speeches to the crowd,
(His mangled speeches as your own allow'd)
Amid the plaudits of the villain-crew,
Who seek for prey, and hope to feed on You,
There tell the mob, that they should rule the land,
And wrest dominion from the sceptred hand,

That majesty in them alone is found,
 Tho' heaven's their canopy, their bed the ground,
 Tell them that monarchs and that monarchs' friends
 Think, speak, and act but for their private ends,
 Tell them Equality's the right of man,
 And spur to rapine the insensate clan,
 Detain the thoughtless idle vagrants there,
 Till real want thro' loss of time appear.
 Then nobly scorn all difference of birth,
 And mix with every vilest son of earth;
 Join hands, delighted, with the hellish brood,
 Yet red and reeking with their fellows' blood;
 Walk arm in arm with thy fraternal band,
 Unbreach'd, unhous'd, the refuse of the land.
 Do this, great Bedford, and we'll all agree
 That Harry's jackall's ghost appears confest in thee.
 Proceed, in heaven's despite proceed, but know,
 The end of these things must be endless woe;
 Woe here on earth, and, yet a harder fate,
 Woe after death must such a wretch await:

But, if Eternity's tremendous name
 Cannot arouse thee from lethargic shame,
 Attend to Time, and he shall teach to shun
 The rocks, on which thy like have been undone.
 Pass but in thought to Gallia's hostile shore,
 Where yet the storms, conflicting, loudly roar,
 Lo! the rich barks are founde'r'd, bulg'd and lost,
 Their shatter'd wrecks are wash'd upon our coast.
 As those, thy mighty bark shall cease to sail,
 If thy French doctrines o'er the land prevail,
 Thou first shalt sink—but heaven avert thy doom!
 May sea-zon'd Albion still in bliss and safety bloom!
 Who would be Bedford for a Bedford's gold,
 His lands tho' boundless and his wealth untold?
 Who would not rather, Burke, with thee retire,
 Tho' soon thy lamp of life must lose it's fire,
 And, lov'd by George, whose love is endless fame,
 Smile on the lamp of life's expiring flame?
 Give me the soul, that pants for glory's meed,
 That fears not labours, nor denies to bleed,

That nobly dares to spurn the villain-clan,
 And glows to please the best, the Sovereign Man,
 From whom alone all earthly honours rise,
 Who chuses objects and awards the prize.

Should Honour rove an exile from the world,
 Virtue would quickly from her throne be hurl'd,
 Vice, rapine, all the evils hell contains,
 Would stalk, unbridled, o'er our native plains.
 Dare then, ye Britons, Virtue's rights defend,
 In every son let Albion own a friend;
 Dare all to court imperial George's smile,
 And Joy and Love and Fame shall e'er adorn our isle.



SATIRE III.

si quid mirabere, pones

Invitus.

HORACE.

If aught your admiration gain,
You leave it with reluctant pain.

"NOT to admire," so says the' Horatian song,
"Alone can give us bliss, and give it long."
Vain admiration leads us oft astray,
Because we think she shows the rightful way,
So far she leads us, ere the fraud is found,
We ken not to retrace the mazy ground;
Hoodwink'd along her labyrinth we wend,
And know nor it's beginning nor it's end;
Uncertain of the backward path we throng,
And, just as chance directs, are right or wrong;
Sometimes indeed we see the better way,
See and approve, yet still persist to stray.
Behold the slave of Pleasure's harlot-rule,
Train'd in the gilded sorrows of her school,

His foolish thoughts, allured by mimic grace,
 Esteem'd her heart as beauteous as her face,
 Void of reserve, each dictate he pursued,
 Tho' oft he found her in capricious mood,
 Tho' still she punish'd what she still requir'd,
 And lash'd him for the deeds herself inspir'd:
 Ideal fondness, which his soul disdains,
 Yet holds him captiv'd in her thrallful chains;
 Nay, spaniel-like, the more she gives him pain,
 The more he fondly fawns whene'er she smiles again.

Behold Ambition, with his flaming eyes,
 Driving his car amid the vaulted skies,
 His sickly soul the phantom glory fires,
 And nought can bridle his unrein'd desires;
 Till, Phaeton-like, he sets the world in flame,
 And only for his rashness lives his name.
 See Cæsar in his fiery chariot ride,
 And offer Justice at the shrine of Pride,
 Beneath his wheels his brother men he sees,
 And to his phrenzy sacrifices ease;

Nay, mad and giddy with the' aerial height,
 He knows, yet flies the safer path of right,
 Till by a kindred hand the poniard drains
 The salient life-blood from his throbbing veins.
 Avaunt the wretch! who made great Cæsar bleed,
 And scourg'd a black by still a blacker deed.

What fault, what crime, can Admiration bring,
 Which owns not her as it's primæval spring?
 She fascinates the mind in reason's spite,
 And makes us cleave to wrong and fly from right.
 Whate'er she long has plac'd before our eyes,
 For it the widow'd mind, tho' noxious, sighs.
 But leave we crimes, which from her power have
 birth,

And turn to follies and to things of mirth.

Nepos, with eyes diffusing sparkles sheen,
 Reviews with glass whate'er those eyes have seen;
 First he beholds with accurate survey,
 And then describes with clouded visual ray;
 Cæcutiency his vicious taste admires,
 And still to mimic want of sight desires:

Till growing custom makes it equal thrall
 To want his glass, as want the visual ball;
 For tho' he sees, he dares not own the sight,
 Till eye is shut and glass adjusted right.

In yonder garret, whose unplaster'd wall
 Serves as an index to it's master's thrall,
 There lives a man of rhymes, in ragged plight,
 The itch of scribbling is his dear delight;
 For this, tho' form'd in Nature's strongest mould,
 Tho' by his toil he might abound in gold,
 For this he fumes, he frets, he starves, he pines,
 And tho' he wants a dinner, plies his lines.

How prompt is man another's fault to blame,
 And *quiz* his errour, while he errs the same!
 Myself, entangled in the Muses' snare,
 My chains as fondly hug as yonder bard of care,
 Urge each excuse my servitude to keep,
 And e'en, like Horace, vow I cannot sleep;
 Nay, farther still, affirm their despot-power
 Cheats of it's tortures each long lingering hour.

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SATIRE IV.

Frustra habet, qui non utitur.

A man possesses to no purpose, if he use not his possessions.

NYMPH of the pallid cheek, and rayless eye,
 Whose skin is pierced by thy starting bones,
 Who thro' the lingering winter-night dost lie
 In swampy fields, or on the flinty stones,
 While Heaven's loud anger shakes the frightened air,
 While death-arm'd lightning darts the frequent flash,
 Scathes the strong oak, and rends with horrid crash,
 While whirlwinds howl and beauteous Nature scare,
 Who, when Aurora smiles away the rage
 Of hurtling elements, and gives the mind
 In Nature's calm a sweet repose to find,
 Hast not wherewith thine hunger to assuage,
 Save some green mouldering crust, from dogs secur'd,

While taunts insulting are from boors endur'd;
 The world, alas! unread in Virtue's lore,
 Gilds over wealthy vice, but brands the virtuous poor.

True, thou art grim and ghastly to behold,
 When houseless thus, O Poverty, and lorn,
 And hard are thy distresses to be borne,
 And thy thin spectre-form 'tis loathsome to enfold.
 Thy chains I fear, as sung the man of old,
 Lest by the rage impell'd I steal my neighbour's gold.
 But come, (tho' homely) smiling, clean,
 In russet gown and hat of straw,
 And thou shalt be my bosom's queen,
 And I will keep thine every law:
 I'll labour through the livelong day,
 And sing the jocund hours away,
 And when the Sun withdraws his light,
 Sweet dreams and pious thoughts shall cheer the
 gloom of night.

Come thus, and I will deem thee heavenly fair,
 Compar'd with Avarice fell, that racks her brain for care.

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Sight more deform, than that insensate hag,
These eyes did never scan! That slave behold,
Who clasps the fiend, and sighs, and tells his gold,
And leaves his soul embosom'd in his bag.
Tho' virtuous Pleasure courts him to her arms,
And offers him the flower of all her charms,
He scorns her for the foulest hag of hell;
Seeks out for grief and ever-carking care,
Where Joys and dove-eyed Bliss would gladly dwell,
And to the skies a flowery way prepare.
His bosom labours with a dire disease,
Which, dropsy-like, by nursing he enflames,
The more resplendent heaps of gold he sees,
The more he on his poverty declaims :
He knows no sweets of life, his food is scant,
He wants and well-nigh starves, for fear that he
should want.

Minion of Plutus, where consists thy joy?
'The swelling heaps my ravisht eyes delight,
And counting o'er and o'er is sweet employ.'

Was gold then only meant to please the sight?
 Think you, that Tantalus, in Stygian gloom,
 Joys in the fruit, that mocks his hunger keen?
 Or is not this to aggravate his doom,
 That food, so tempting, must be only seen?
 You, self-made Tantalus, his fate endure,
 And in the midst of opulence are poor:
 And for thy pains—I could as soon pourtray
 The crimes of France, or Tooke's election-arts,
 The titled gamesters of the hallow'd day,
 Or Jersey's lawless wiles, that snare ennobled hearts.

'No luxury', thou say'st, 'delights thy soul'.—
 Less needful therefore is thy heapy wealth,
 Dare to reject the haughty hag's controul,
 And boldly re-assert thy mental health;
 Why seek'st thou to disorder Nature's plan?
 For she to kindness form'd the breast of man.
 Behold the Sun, that sheds his lenient blaze,
 And cheers all nature with his fostering rays,
 Behold, and let him thine exemplar shine,

"And learn the luxury of doing good",
 And let the hungry share thy frugal food,
 And emulate benignity divine.
 Apply the soothing balm to sorrow's sting,
 Let orphan-hearts and widows' laugh and sing,
 Widows, perchance, and Orphans of the brave,
 Whose blood, with laurel'd Howe, embrued the
 purpling wave.

Do this, and Heaven shall smile upon the deed,
 Do this, and inward peace and Heaven shall be thy
 need.

Methinks I see, the gazing crowd among,
 A wight, by nature of energetic mind,
 Sunk, in the vortex of the giddy throng,
 Below the softness e'en of woman-kind.
 Had Homer damp'd the fervour of his soul,
 And subjected his mind to Sloth's controul,
 Had Manoah's son, beyond all human-kind
 With sinewy brawn, and nervous strength endued,
 The courses, that enervate men, pursued,

And shun'd the mighty task to him assign'd,
What man, in chains of madness unconfin'd,
Would venture to pronounce them sound of mind?
Nature bestow'd and Nature's voice demands
That what she sows mankind should bring to birth,
As yonder owner of the laughing lands
Expects redoubled what he hides in earth.





ELEGIES.

TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN DALE,

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THEIR TWO SONS, THEIR ONLY CHILDREN.

For the explanation of the 6th stanza it is necessary to advertise the reader, that this is only a re-versification of a piece of the Author's Father's, who, though he possesses the "vivida vis animi" requisite for a poet, join'd with the finest sensibility, is, however, deficient in the charms of versification.

They fell, like two young oaks, which stood alone on the hill:
The traveller saw the lovely trees and wondered how they grew
so lonely. The blast of the Desart came by night and laid their
green heads low: next day he returned, but they were withered
and the heath was bare. OSSIAN.

'Tis past,—and o'er the dreary scene,
In dismal vest array'd,
Approaches Death with haggard mien,
And dares your peace invade.

The soother of your parent-breast,
First fruit of nuptial joys,
Sinks underneath his rude arrest,
He pants, he moans, he dies !

Ah! nought avail'd your shielding care,
Your streaming sorrows nought,
Still, still approached the fiend Despair,
With baleful poison fraught.

Oft have I seen the mistful tear
Suffuse your grief-worn eyes,
And often heard the sigh of fear,
In either bosom rise.

Heaven's voice proclaim'd the dread command,
Heaven guides the darts of fate,
Then bow submissive to the hand,
That loads you with it's weight.

My breast a father's feelings knows,
I know a parent's pain,

Nor urge to stop the grief, that flows,
But check the loosen'd rein.

O Death! could aught of mortal charm
Appease thy rugged breast,
Thou hadst not here uplift thine arm,
But beauty's power confess'd.

For he was fairer than the rose,
Which peeps at early day,
Tho' sweet the breath the buds disclose,
His breath more sweet than they.

But like the rose of morning tide,
Chill'd by the nipping blast,
His branch decay'd, his blossoms died,
Ere yet his morn was past.

Nor is the lambkin of the plain
More innocently gay,
When sporting o'er the rural reign,
He gambols out the day.

What eye can then refuse a tear,
So sweet a child to mourn?
O shed your sorrows o'er his bier,
Embalm with tears his urn.

I see a parent's throbbing breast—
But cease tumultuous woe!—
He now in griefless realms is blest,
And pities you below.

And yet is yours a charming boy,
A balsam for your grief,
His lisping tongue will yield you joy,
And lend your souls relief.

May virtue form his youthful heart,
And mould his infant mind,
Thus shall his goodness blunt the dart,
Which sorrow leaves behind.

Thus pleasure's stream o'er all your hours
Shall run with ceaseless flow,

Thus joy—But see the welkin lours,—

Ah! list yon sound of woe!

Behold! Disease, with visage drear,

Fixes, hawk-like, on the prey,

Death hastens to bring up the rear,

And tears your only hope away!

O grief! thy piteous features hide,

Thou hast not tears enough—

Religion haste, and make subside

The storms that rise anew.

Beyond the narrow bound of time,

Where pleasures ne'er decay,

Where reigns the King of Heaven sublime,

You'll meet again in bliss and live an endless day.

TO MR. AND MRS. ILLINGWORTH,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR ONLY DAUGHTER IN ITS INFANCY.

==
BY A LADY.
==

As when beneath the' impetuous storm
The morning bud reclines it's head,
In pearly drops the parent rose
Bewails it's tender offspring dead:

So droops the human form divine
When sickness and diseases lour,
And love parental mourns the rage,
That nips, ere noon, the opening flower.

'Ah! why,' methinks you fondly cry,
'So very early snatched away,
Sweet flower, before thine infant charms
Could half their latent blooms display!

Those little hands, so oft uprear'd
 A mother's fostering care to' excite;
 That guiltless tongue that, lisping, caus'd
 A father's more intense delight!

So Nature pleads, and should be heard
 While subject to superior grace;
 'Tis thus the wounded mind regains
 It's true, it's undissembled peace.

The sovereign power to give or take
 Let us to Providence resign;
 And bow to wisdom infinite,
 And bow to love divine.





THE ABODE OF PITY.

A BALLAD.

Haùd ignara mali miseris succurrere disco. VIRGIL.

Taught by miseries myself have known,
I view, with pity, woes so like my own. PITT.

NOT far from yon sheltering wood,
Where rises that cottage of loam,
Fast by the meandering flood,
Soft Pity has settled her home.

She spent the prime years of her life
Among the gay circles of men;
But soon was assaulted by strife,
By sorrow, by shame and by pain.

Here therefore she fix'd her retreat,
Afar from the proud and the wild;
The lambkins, that sport at her feet,
Are not half so gentle and mild.

The goddess, with tear-streaming eye,
And hand ever prompt to relieve,
Returns every sigh with a sigh,
And grieves with the wretches that grieve.

Has any been giddy and gay,
And now is reduc'd to despair?
His tears wash his errours away,
His want is an ample claim there.

The wandering children of woe
Are chid, but reliev'd is their pain.
Her mercies benignantly flow,
Like dews on the long-thirsty plain.

Not Sol, with his fostering blaze,
More grateful to Tellus appears,

Than Pity, diffusing her rays,
To dry up the wanderer's tears.

Then haste ye, whom Fortune denies
To bless with a kindly-sweet smile;
She'll wipe every tear from your eyes,
And each gnawing sorrow beguile.



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SONNETS.

ON SEEING FLOWERS STREWED ON THE TOMB OF A VIRTUOUS MAN.

BLEST be the hand, which, robbing Flora's store,
Upon thy church-glebe-house hath thus bestrew'd
The blooming rose with fragrance sweet endued,
The jassamine, and pink of varied dye,
Grateful oblations to thy virtue's lore,
Which whoso knew must heave the rending sigh,
Whene'er he haps to think thou art no more!
Blest be his soul, who thus adorn'd thy tomb,
From him may every vice in terrour fly,
His happy days may fortune ne'er engloom,
And when he reaches to his clay-cold home,
Peaceful and strew'd with flowerets may he lie!
And then, fair sprite! enwrap't in glory's ray,
Meet him and guide his steps to realms of endless day.

TO SLEEP.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE.

IN IMITATION OF POPE'S ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Τὴν ὀδύνας ἀδάης, ὑπνε δ' ἀλγεων.

SOPHOCLES.

Sleep,

Who dost nor pain nor sorrow know,

Sweetest balm of every woe!

FRANKLIN.

DESCEND, O Sleep! with downy wings,

Dispeller of our anxious woe,

Distemper's pangs and sorrow's stings

Untaught to know.

O'er my woe-worn temples spread

Thy soporific mantle gray,

What time the beamy light is fled

With parting day.

In silence wrap each thrilling fear,

Restrain the frequent-falling tear,

And lend a pause to heart-felt grief;

The busy cares of life dismiss,

And grant a moment's sweet relief

In dreams of bliss.

TO THE SCHOOL-FIRE.

—
O for a Muse of FIRE! SHAKSPEARE.
—

THY cheerful blaze, dispersing winter's cold,
 Attracts my eyes and lures my frosted feet:
 In vain it lures, since I can but behold
 The flame, at useless distance, from my seat.
 My chattering teeth the cold cold hour bespeak,
 My stiffly-bending fingers ask thine aid,
 And deem it hard that rigid rules were made,
 And oft thro' rigid rules would prompt to break.
 E'en now, methinks, in tantalizing guise,
 Thy blaze arises, "smiling as in scorn,"
 And makes me Nature's Sophocles despise,
 And cease with eye-less Œdipus to mourn.
 O could I change, Vertumnus-like, my form,
 Unken'd by Varro's classic eyes I'd catch thine
 influence warm.

TO C. J. PITT,

AUTHOR OF THE AGE, A SATIRE.

*Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores.*

HORACE.

The age, that gave our fathers birth,
Saw them their nobler sires disgrace:
We baser still, &c.

BOSCAWEN.

HAIL! youthful master of satyric song,
Thou rising Persius of the present day,
Whose verse, tho' seldom rugged, still is strong,
Tho' void of weakness, oftentimes is gay.
Proceed, thou favourite of the sister-choir,
Proceed and lash the follies of the age,
Let vice beneath thy weapon's force expire,
And all corruption feel thy virtuous rage.
Much does it glad the children of the Nine,
To see thee chasten knaves of each degree,
To see thee to no party spite incline,
To see thee worship worth with ancestry.
Proceed, my Pitt, nor heed the damning voice,
The Muses hear thy lays, and hearing them, rejoice.

TO GLORY.

Immensum gloria calcar habet.

Keen is the spur of glory!

ON the proud summit of yon craggy steep
Tremendous, towers the golden dome of Fame,
Where shades of heroes stand in long array;
Emblazon'd on whose walls the storied name
Makes dangers smile inviting, steals away
The sense of woes, and gives our mortal eyes
To view Death's ghastly grin, nor turn to weep.
Fired by the voice of Glory's trump sublime,
Mortals yon sullen crags undaunted climb,
While each nerve toils, and swells each throbbing
vein;
As when the steed, with thunder-clothed mien,
Obsequious to the clanging clarion flies,
Swallows the ground, nor stays his dart-like speed,
Till panting, foaming, faint, he reach the place
decreed.

ON HER EXQUISITE POEM, ENTITLED LLANGOLLEN VALE.

Winds on your wings to heaven her accents bear,
Such words as Gods alone are fit to hear. DRYDEN.

WHAT sweet mellifluous sounds, what floating song
 Drinks my fond ear enraptur'd? from the skies
 Some shell angelic pours it's melodies
 Llangollen's vale and Deva's streams along!
 Why starts my hair, when, with the mental eye,
 I ken Death's pallid horse, or steeds imbrued
 In streaming life? why heaves my bosom high,
 For ill-star'd Hoel's love, by ruthless fate pursued?
 Why burns my breast the peerless pair to know,
 That grace this seat of charms?—fair SEWARD's skill,
 Whose blazing thoughts the soul's recesses thrill,
 Gives my rapt mind, at will, to joy or woe.
 Lo! Denham from his muse-wreath'd mountain
 bends,
 To her presents his verdant crown, and smiling re-
 ascends.



TRANSLATIONS.

ODE TO THE BELOVED FAIR.

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

BLEST as the gods, who rule on high,
And tread the starry paths of sky,
 The youth appears,
Who seats him fondly by thy side,
And drinks thy tongue's ambrosial tide
 With ravish'd ears;

Who sees thy wreathing smiles of love;
Which did the trembling tumults move,
That thrill my breast;

For when upon thy charms I gaze,
My voice in faltering sounds decays,
Parch'd and supprest.

An instantaneous subtle flame
Glides in my veins thro' all my frame,
And tells my fears,
O'erhung with thickest shade of night,
In mazes swims my aching sight,
Tingle my ears.

Chill damps my feeble limbs bedew,
Quick tremours glance my vitals through,
My cheeks are pale;
Of life no more my hopes can dream,
A prey to speedy Death I seem,
My senses fail.

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MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION,

OVER THOSE WHO FELL NOBLY IN AN UNSUCCESSFUL BATTLE,

FROM THE GREEK.

IN DEMOSTHENES'S ORATION AGAINST ÆSCHINES.

THESE in their country's cause, engirt with arms,
 Sought martial dangers and the war's alarms,
 Banish'd the softer pleasures of repose,
 And tam'd the high-ton'd insolence of foes.
 Bold in defence of Virtue's lofty reign,
 While pious fears thrill'd every throbbing vein,
 The sword they wielded, prodigal of breath,
 And met compos'd the stern decrees of death.
 Joyful they died, that Greece might still be free,
 Nor know "the pangs of dèspis'd" slavery.
 Death is the common lot (so wills the Sky),
 And who shall Heaven's eternal mandates fly?

These nobly sunk adorn'd with wounds to rest,
 Whose corsessleepentomb'd in Græcia's parentbreast.
 I AM alone, in living light array'd,
 Who walks on winds and is by storms obey'd,
 I AM alone not treads in errour's maze,
 With Him alone success eternal stays.



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HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE II.

Nullus argento color est avaris
Abdito terris, &c.

No splendour decks the golden ore,
Which in it's womb the greedy earth confines:
My Sallust, you despise the precious store,
Unless by temperate use it shines.

While Time his endless course shall roll,
Immortal Fame shall on her pinions bear
That noble Youth*, who to a brother's soul
Adjoin'd a father's fostering care.

* Proculius, a Roman of the Equestrian order, exemplary for his fraternal piety: His two Brothers having been stript of their paternal property by the unhappy divisions of those days, this generous young man made them again equal sharers with him in his own part of the patrimony. OLD SCHOLIAST.

More widely shall extend your reign
 If you the tyrant-thirst of wealth allay,
 Than if you join to Lybia distant Spain,
 And either Carthage own your sway.

Nurse it, the dropsy you enflame,
 The more it quaffs, the keener thirst it proves,
 Till the moist languor quits the pallid frame,
 And from the veins the cause removes.

Virtue not counts the blest among
 The tyrant King*, restored to Persia's throne,
 For Virtue's judgement joins not with the throng,
 Whose voice is still to error prone.

To him alone the crown she gives,
 And laurel wreath, that never knows decay,
 Who free from pining Envy's poison lives,
 And can with eagle-ken refulgent gold survey.

* Phraates.

THE XXXII. ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF
HORACE.

Poscimus, si quid vacui sub antro
Lusimus tecum, &c.

If e'er, in verdant grot reclin'd,
I've spent with thee the vacant hour,
With thee in sportive sallies join'd,
Now raise my verse by thine immortal pow'r;
Sweet soul of harmony, melodious shell,
For Cæsar's ear celestial music swell;
Cæsar commands:—the Latin notes prolong,
And stamp eternity upon the song!

Thee first "Alcæus, fancy-blest,"
With notes of ecstasy inspired,
Who bravely met, with dauntless breast,
The battle's rage, with martial ardour fired;
While yet the dreadful din of fateful war

Hurtled tremendous in the frighten'd sky;
Or soon as, from the livid lightning's glare,
He moor'd his sea-tost barge the shore a-nigh:—

His flowing fingers swept the lyre,
In beauty's praise the chords he strung,
Extoll'd the sweet Pierian choir,
And "Bacchus, ever gay and ever young,"
And Venus, with her "becks and wanton wiles,"
And Cupid, to the goddess ever nigh,
And Lycus too, array'd in Paphian smiles,
With ebon hair and jetty-lustred eye.

All hail to thee, melodious Lyre !
The grace of Phoebus, god of day,
Belov'd by all the Sister-choir,
And Jove, who bears aloft immortal sway.
Thy charms improve the mirth-creating bowl,
When gods quaff nectar to dispel their care ;
O sweetest soother of the troubled soul,
Incline propitious to thy Poet's prayer.

THE XV. EPODE OF HORACE
IMITATED.

αλλα παρα μεν Τιμιοις Θεων,
ὀϊινες εχαιρον ευορκιαις, αδακρυν νεμονίαι
αιωνα. τοι δ'απροσορατον οχεονλι πονον.

PINDAR OLYMP. 2.

In realms, where beams eternal day,
The faithful to their oaths abide,
Around them Heaven's immortal honours play,
And pleasures roll in one unebbing tide:
But whoso, in the pride of madness, dare
Their plighted faith profane,
These shall be rack'd with time-outlasting care,
To sightless labours doom'd and heart-corroding pain.

'Twas night; and o'er the blue serene,
Attended nobly by the frequent star,
In pride of beauty, shone the Queen,
Who rules the realms of night in noiseless car;
When you subdued by passion's yoke,
Insulting Heaven's eternal name,

More closely twin'd than ivy round it's oak,
And thus belied your ardent flame—
“While Gallia trembles at the name of Howe;
While o'er the waves Britannia's navies reign;
While freedom's springs o'er all the nation flow—
So long our mutual passion shall remain !”
O Chloe! thou shalt grieve that Florio's heart
So clings to Virtue's rigid charms;
For, if in him the man have any part,
He will not bear thy nightly breach of love,
While happier rivals riot in thy arms,
But woo, in injur'd rage, another maid.
Nor, tho' the keenest grief thine heart invade,
If once his ruffled mind
Abjure thee, maid unkind!
Shall all thy lureful charms his firm resentment move.
And thou, the youth, who now, in golden dream,
Expectest o'er her bosom's throne to reign;
Ah! be not insolently vain,
Nor highly of thy present fortune deem.
Tho' flocks unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd fields,

Feracious, own thy lordly sway;
Tho' more than Bedford's fortune yields
Thy coffer'd gold display:
Tho' from thy tongue so strongly pour
The stream of eloquence o'er every heart,
That Pitt shall give the wordy contest o'er,
And own thee master of the suasive art:
Tho' more than mortal grace thy frame unfold;
Tho' e'en the PRINCE thy greater charms confess,
A nobler form, a more divine address,
And mental ornament of fairer mould:
Yet shalt thou, too, quickly wail
The ravage of the changeful gale;
Alas! alas! from thee
Her veering mind shall turn:
Then mine shall be the mirth and glee;
And thou shalt droop the head, and blush, and sigh,
and mourn!

IN NEÆRAM.

FROM BUCHANAN.

QUALITER ad solem foliis morientibus arent
 Candida virgineâ lilia secta manu;
 Paulatim lento sic maceror igne Neæra,
 Ut primum radii me tetigere tui,
 At mihi dum roseis tractim das basia labris.
 Sentit et attactus debilis umbra tuos,
 Mens redit, et vigor ignescit, velut herba resurgit,
 Cum levis arentem recreat imber humum.
 Ergo quando oculis pereuntem me oscula sanant,
 Et mea in arbitrio vitæque morsque tuo est;
 Perde, neca, ut visum est; sed, dum pereo, oscula junge,
 Sæpe ut sic vivam, sic volo sæpe mori.

FREE TRANSLATION.

As fades, with withering leaves, the vermeil rose,
 Cropt by the hand of Beauty's Virgin-train,

If to the Sun's effulgence they expose

The boast of Flora's reign:

So wither I by slow consuming fires,

Since first on me Sapphira shot her rays,

And kindled, by her eyes' soft-streaming blaze,

The charming wasting flame of Love's desires.

But when the nectar of thy rose-lipt kiss

Distills, sweet maid, extatic bliss,

My mind, erratic erst, returns again,

And all the Man burns in each thrilling vein.

So the parch'd herbage of the sun-brown'd field

Rises revived, and hails the showers,

The glad attendants of the flower-crown'd hours,

That to their drooping stems their wonted vigour yield.

Since then thy kisses' nectar'd dew

Revives me perishing beneath thy rays,

Since both my life and mortal hour,

Confess thy sovereign power,

Oft let me die beneath thy lucid blaze,

If still as oft thy fragrant lips shall faded life renew.

CATULLUS AD LESBIAM.

VIVAMUS, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius æstimemus assis.
Soles occidere et redire possunt:
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, da secunda centum,
Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum;
Dein, cum millia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
Cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

TRANSLATION.

Let us live, while here we move,
And all the sweets of rapture prove,
Careless what the grey-beards say,
Love we life's short hour away.

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* It w

The suns, that gild the dædal skies,
O'erwhelm'd to-day, to-morrow rise,
But we, when fled our spark of light,
Sleep one long loitering mornless night.
A thousand times imprint thy kiss,
Then add a hundred seals of bliss;
Again a thousand let me prove,
Again a hundred seals of love.
Let twice a thousand then imbrue
My ravish'd lips with nectar'd dew;
Be the next Confusion's hour,
Try she her disorder'd power;
Spoil our reckoning, lest we know
The thousand thousands that I owe.
Or lest some enchanter bold,
Form'd in Envy's crooked mould,
Cause us all his power to feel,
If known how oft* we kiss, how oft our love we seal.

* It was believed by the ancients that if the certain number of their kisses was known, it laid them open to the power of enchantment.

MENSÆ INSCRIPTUM.

QUISQUIS amat dictis absentum rodere vitam,
Hanc mensam vetitam noverit esse sibi.

IMITATION.

Harmless mirth, and harmless wit
Still are welcome to my board,
When with cheerful friends I sit,
Greater I than any Lord;

But whoe'er, with impious tongue,
Shall an absent friend defame,
He shall reap the' intended wrong,—
Going empty as he came.

POUR UNE FONTAINE.

FROM MALHERBE.

Vois tu, passant, couler cet onde,
 Et s'écouler incontinent?
 Ainsi fuit la gloire du monde,
 Et rien que Dieu n'est permanent!

TRANSLATION.

FOR A FOUNTAIN.

See! ah, see this limpid stream
 How it swiftly steals away;
 Worldly glory does the same,
 Nothing but our God will stay.

IN LEONORAM.

FROM BUCHANAN.

OMNIA quod, Leonora, putant te vendere, falsum est:
Nam faciem, tibi quæ cætera vendit, emis.

ON A PAINTED PROSTITUTE.

What tho' the tongue of busy Scandal tells
'All things Florella, lost to virtue, sells';—
We know, Florella, 'tis a groundless lie,
The face, that makes you saleable, you buy.





JUVENILIA PERPAUCA LATINE.

CARMEN I.

Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid possit video ingenium. HORATIUS.

VIDES ut agros frugiferos Ceres
Adornat amplis aurea messibus,
Mortalibus præbens perosis
Desidias alimenta vitæ:

Vides ut ardet nunc adamas, nitens
Fulgore claro, sicuti sidera;
Fortassè vidisti, prius quàm
Artificis manus expolivit;

Non elegans est, non radiis micat,
Nullum nitorem flammeus exhibet,
Apparet at turpis rudisque,
Nec trahit ullius iste ocellos;

Doctrina mentem non minùs expolit,
(Sit illa paulò fertilior tibi,)
Quàm gemmeam baccam Politor,
Qui radios aperit venustos:

Doctrina mentem non minùs aurea
Fœcundat amplam dotibus insitis,
Cultura quàm campos opimos
Improba fertilitate donat.

Natura certè dives et ubere
Referta præbet terrigenis viris
Vim mentis, at cultura constans
Arte polit, facit atque gratam.

CARMEN II.

Inter inæquales infida est societas.

Non æs, nec auri pondera splendida,
Nitore claro non adamas micans
Tantùm valet, quantùm fidelis
Mentis amicus. Amœna dona

O Diva dulcis, fœdere vinciens
Cognata firmo corda virûm viris,
Largitor obstricto benigna
Usque manu mihi liberali.

Natura quamvis effera sæpiùs,
Rudisque valdè sit, tibi serviens
Ipsius est oblita, et ejus
Asperitas placidè domatur.

Vides ut agnus rura perambulat
Conjunctus agno fœdere firmitèr:

Nunc ecce! nunc allambit alter
Alterius faciem vicissim.

Sed mentis altæ, sed ratione eget
Agnus tenellus, possidet ast homo;
Humana quaproptèr voluptas
Amne fluit tibi puriori.

Tèr ille felix, quisquis homo obtinet
Affine pectus fallere nescium,
Qui Pythias Damonem amicum
Assequitur: meliore fato

Hic natus est, quàm quem dominum vocant
Regnumque magnum, sceptraque patria:
Ast imparem quicumque amicum
Obtinet, heu! fera fata culpet.

Non alite alti flammigero Jovis,
Columba mollis consociat malè:
Non agnus exoptat luporum
Gaudia participare sæva.

Gaudia monstrant?

CARMEN IV.

Cœpit et in vitium fortunâ labier æquâ. HORATIUS.

FLOS velut in pratis, primùm cùm Phæbus Eois
Oris exurgat, calfaciatque solum,
Absorbet lætus radios, vegetusque videtur,
Nec, sævo vento flante, veretur eum,
At postquàm Titan nimiùm fervere cœpit,
Et fulgore premit nunc mora longa nimis,
Invadit nitidam speciem jam languor acerbus,
Viribus et demptis, obruit ecce! nece:
Haùd alitèr Latio arridens Fortuna meretrix
Permulsit mentes debilitare volens,
Corporis et vires deperdit noxia Siren,
Fecit et imbelles, hostibus atque dedit.

CARMEN V.

Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus. HORATIUS.

QUUM Boreas raucus, gelidâ bacchatus ab arcto,
 Experiens vires, concutit alta freta,
 Nodosam et tentat rabie prosternere quercum,
 Nequicquàm tentat, ridet et arbor eum;
 Decutiat certè virides furibundus honores,
 Immoto verò corpore fixa manet.
 Haùd alitèr sapiens, Fato feriente maligno,
 Quod "tantùm constans in levitate suâ est,"
 Firmum sævitiis opponit pectus acerbis :
 Sordeat hic pannis, flectier usque negat.





DECLAMATIUNCULÆ DUÆ.

PRIMA.

Miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacravit. HORATIUS.

SÆPIUS, auditores, subit mihi cogitare, quàm procellosum mare humana mens exhibet, quàm variis æstuat fluctibus, quàm frequentèr denique in altum attollitur, atque iterùm ad Tartara usque depressa est! Miserrimus ille, quicumque indomitis atque effrænatis animi affectibus servit; nulla dies tali viro quietem affert, nulla voluptas ei penitùs est jucunda. Fervet animus indesinentèr irâ, cupidine, avaritiâ. Invidia, ictericis oculis furia, quæ nihil proprio colore

videt, quæ facta optima et præclarissima in pessima et vilissima convertit, tyrannidem etiam usurpat, et bonam indolem hæud rarò penitùs corrumpit. Heus tu! Zoile, dic mihi, cedo, an verâ unquàm felicitate frueris? An voluptatem capis, alicujus pietatem, benevolentiam, bonitatem, gaudium, aut animi nativas dotes contemplando? An animum tibi delectat videre aliquem honoribus ornatum, et ob meritum spectatissimum? Nequaquàm sanè. Quæcunque fas est opinari grata fore, fontes sunt, unde perennes effluunt anxietatis causæ. Invidus, alienis florentibus, marcescit, dolet ob alterius gaudium; altero doloribus demerso, gaudet. Consideremus aliquantulùm, Auditores, invidi hominis voluptatem: Si quis, alta petens, felicem hæud obtinet successum, et ob infortunium in ludibrio est habitus, hic, diabolico ingenio præditus, sub prætextu arrogantiam in odio habendi, cordis quâdam procacitate gavisus est. Gaudet ob uniuscujusque infelicitatem; insidiatur, ut infortuniis singulos obruat, et eos malis laborantes naso adunco rideat. Invidus, quali fas est, felicitate

fruens, haud dissimilis est Gigantis Palatio, in splendidis heroicorum facinorum mendaciis sæpissimè depicto, cujus magnificentiam discerpta occisorum virorum membra formant. Heu! quàm deflendum est, vix quenquam mortalium hoc vitio penitùs carere. Neque est hoc, ex illis vitiis, quæ mira hodiernorum hominum solertia invenit, at fuit ab origine mundi, si primos excipiat parentes, traditum. Nemo unquàm floruit, in quem noxium virus non evomuit Invidia. Vivum meritum scopus est, ad quem pestis hæc infestissima assiduè tela dirigit: mortuum rarò invaditur, è contrario autem ferè perpetuò laudatur. Ut cum Poeta, Lyricorum principe Romanorum, loquar,

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.

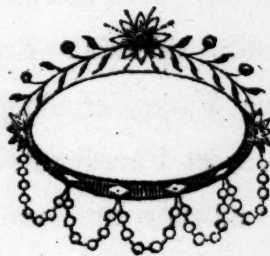
Vel sicut perelegantè canit Thamesis Olor suavis-
simus,

All human Virtue, to it's latest breath,
Finds Envy never conquer'd but by Death.

The great Alcides, every labour past,
 Had still this monster to subdue at last.
 Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away.
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those suns of glory please not till they set.

Mors profectò vitæ non solummodò cœlestis, at etiam
 terrestris est janua. Quicumque eximius est, ob
 Relligionem, ob bellicam virtutem, ob Litterarum
 humanarum scientiam, vel, denique, ob ullam præ-
 claram dotem, vivus sane negligitur, aut spernitur,
 at postquàm sacravit Libitina, ad astra attollitur, et
 nomen ejus, sicut Sol post defectum, duplici splen-
 dore fulget. Lumina doctrinæ Reipublicæ præcla-
 rissima, Smyrnæus Vates, et Anglus ille celebris,
 qui bellum cœleste, et Paradisum cecinit amissum,
 vivi haudquaquàm ad meritum laudes acquisiverunt,
 at fortunæ severæ pœnas luerunt. Neque hi soli
 talem habuerunt sortem; Heroes plerique mortem
 indignam perpassi, aut supplicium quoddam inho-

nestum assecuti sunt. Et sane egregii homines, vereor, semper mercede quæsitâ meritis fraudati erunt. Nemo ferè mortalium ferre potest alterius superiores dotes, sine quâdam Invidiæ parte, quæ annis, nî subjiatur, novas vires obtinet, et, si firmata sit, nullâ vi domari potest. Oportet igitur omnes, ut finem denique faciam, cautos esse ut principiis invidiæ, sicut mortifero morbo, pro virili obstant, et nascentem Virtutis florem blandos tegere et fovere, ut ad maturitatem educant, eoque modo communem societatis utilitatem adaugeant.



SECUNDA.

Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid possit video ingenium.

VIDISTIS, Auditores, sine dubio marmor nuper e fodinâ prolatum, quod insitas venustates elegantiasque minime exhibet, donec perita politura elucere colores faciat, detque nitorem superficiei, et pulchra quasi nubila, nitidasque maculas, et venas, quibus saxum est refertum, ostendat*. Quod marmori hæc est Politura, id nobili naturæ est "ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes." Doctrina latentes virtutes, et eximias mentis dotes in lucem producit, quæ aliter inertes jacerent, et emergere non possent. Philosophus, Vates, Heros sæpissime in plebeio latent: qui omnes liberali doctrinæ institutione illustres evaderent, at, hâc carentes, sicut marmor impolitum, nullam ad-

* Vide Spectator: vol. 3.

mirationem conciliant, nullum eximii ingenii lumen exhibent. Inhærens animi magnitudo sese pandere nequit, et infinita mens sibimet uni est nota. Natura enim ferax per se homines in Poetas, aliosque insignes evehere non potest, at cum Arte consociata ad omnia magna et præclara perficienda valet. Natura dat facultatem, ars elegantiam tribuit. Ars numquàm gravior, nunquàm excellentior extat, quàm cùm Naturam imitetur, adumbret, et quasi colat; et Natura non unquàm perinde grata, et pulchra est, ac quandò arte adjuta sit, artem verò quàm maxime celet. Junctis nimirùm suis viribus omnia, sibi invicem autem non auxilium ferentes, at mutuò repugnantes, nulla, possunt. Certe Natura per se ipsam Poetam, et quemvis illustrem, quod attinet ad magnitudinem animi, ad splendorem, magnificentiamque insitarum Idearum, format, sed gratum, sed elegantem, sed ordinis observantem reddit artis politura et disciplina.

Sine disciplinâ et doctrinâ nemini laudis fastigium pervenire fas est: Juvenem, qui vi bellicâ, corporisque

præstantiâ fortis emereret, quantumvis Naturâ sit idoneus ad hujuscemodi gloriam adipiscendam, in Ephebis multa et difficilia ferre et facere, sudare sæpe et hæud rarò algere, seseque intemperantiâ, immodestiâque indomitum, imò immaculatum servare oportet. Circes poculo Bacchoque abstineat, Syrenumque cantus non delinitus audire possit.

Ecce Adamas! quàm miro splendore micat, quantum ex illo lumen effulget, quàm elegans, quàm denique supra pretium existit! Priùs verò quàm Politoris manus eam tractâsset, rudis et inelegans apparuit, et quamvis reipsâ pretiosus, oculis tamen informis et vilis visus fuit. Videtisne campos, quàm segetibus abundant, quàm flavâ aristarum undâ fluctuare videntur, quàm denique ornati, et hominibus utiles evadunt? At proculdubiò nî Agricolaë summo opere et studio glebâ exercuissent, inutiles prorsus forent, et parùm ornati. "Nihil fert ager, Cicerone teste, nisi multâ culturâ quæsitum." Dives, quod ait Flaccus, vena, doctrinâ inculta, non absimilis est denique horto, in quo semina maximi pretii, et

fructiferæ arbores satæ sunt; sine ordine autem et more dispositæ nequaquàm placent. Miramur sane, at dolore quodam, contemplantes, afficimur. Summum igitur studium, ut finem faciam, omni in re est adhibendum. Insitæ enim dotes, quantumvis magnæ, et præstantes, nullum per se splendorem obtinent; nec studium, quantumvis laboriosum et diligens, aliquem valde clarum reddit,

“Alterius sic

Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.”

